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STEP RIGHT UP!

When it comes to writing for *Penthouse Forum*, sometimes it's not just a job, it's a real trip.

Journalist **Sarah Deming** made the trip out to Sin City and spent three days amongst the heavy hitters treading the boards at the Burlesque Hall of Fame Weekend, a statuesque, sequined show celebrating its golden anniversary — a milestone by any standard. Deming's report **The Lust Weekend** mixes blow-by-blow coverage of the on-stage action as well as a look into some of the ladies who made the event special. To find out who danced off with the highest honor, turn to page 34.

There's lots more high-stepping fun to be had in this issue: a solo pictorial featuring the lovely **Tiffany Thompson (page 24)**; a look at the Penthouse Studios flick **Dirty Girls and Sex Toys (page 42)** and as always, **Open Forum (page 50)**, the hottest selection of reader letters anywhere. So kick back and enjoy!

The Editors

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2015
OCTOBER



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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By The Editors

YOU DON'T SAY

"I have a strange love for ice water."
*Penthouse Pet
 Kendra Sunderland,
 on Twitter.*



SEX TOYS "R" US

A British mother of two got more than she bargained for when she opened a package from Amazon recently. In addition to the shoes and dice game that Sophie Graham, 36, ordered for her boys, she also found a purple vibrator. That was buzzing. And had apparently been used. While her husband thought the mix-up was funny, Sophie was rightfully upset and immediately contacted Amazon. By way of reparations, the company gave Graham an apology, a refund for the shoes and a £10 voucher towards her next purchase.

BEAT-OFF BEATDOWN

Florida Police arrested 29-year-old Largo resident Delia Priem on a charge of misdemeanor domestic battery after she caught her boyfriend watching porn.

According to papers on The Smoking Gun, the attack took the form of a "slap to the face," pushing him in his bed and throwing things around the room, after Priem had videotaped him with his hand in the cookie jar, so to speak; at issue was the fact that the boyfriend had told her that "he would stop" watching smut.

Priem was jailed briefly before being released on her own recognizance.



COME AS YOU WERE

Scientists in Antarctica recently made a very cool discovery: the world's oldest sample of animal sperm. As reported in the journal *Biology Letters*, researchers from the Swedish Museum of Natural History found the fossilized come in the walls of an egg case belonging to a worm of the class Clitella and estimate it to be 50 million years old. While the critter whence the come came is most likely extinct, scientists call the discovery important because it provides information about the evolution of worms — and because it's 50-million-year-old sperm.



Models depicted in photo.



Model depicted in photo.

CALL OF BOOTY

People who do booty calls have better sex than monogamous people and those who have one-night stands. That's what researcher Peter Jonason of the University of West Florida found after interviewing 300 college students in all three types of relationships. Why does hooking up with friends beat banging strangers or a steady partner? Booty call sex is better because a) it has to be (or you won't get a second call); b) you're more inclined to experiment with a booty caller than a stranger or partner; and c) people who fulfill their sex drive by calling and asking for sex are more fun in bed than their boring, committed counterparts. Who knew?

YOU DIRTY BIRD!

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) has announced that people who kiss their pet chickens are at increased risk for salmonella poisoning. CDC officials have recorded 180 cases of salmonella so far this year, which led to 33 victims being hospitalized. Salmonella, which doesn't affect poultry, is transmitted through their feces; anyone coming in contact with the birds or who work around farms, coops and cages are advised to wash their hands after contact. According to CDC veterinarian Megin Nichols, you can also avoid becoming a statistic by following this simple but sage bit of advice: "We do not recommend snuggling or kissing the birds or touching them to your mouth."





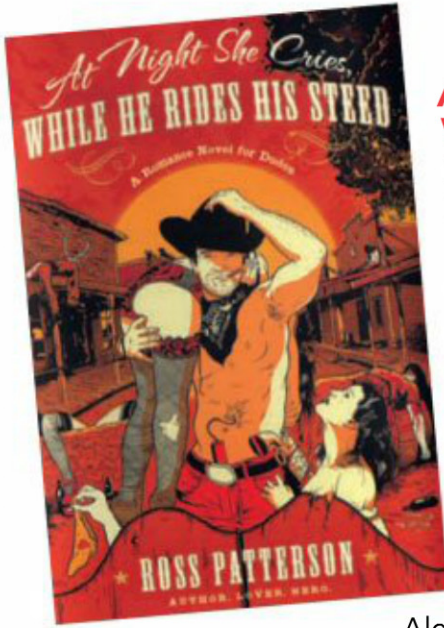
iSex USB SUPER STROKER

This one has lots of selling points. Its silicone sleeve is lined with tiny ticklers to stimulate your stroke session, and its vibrating bullet doesn't need batteries, since you can charge it on the USB port through your computer, car or a cell phone plug. But mostly we love how portable and discreet the unit is; it's compact enough for your medicine cabinet or night table, or you can just tuck it into your travel bag or shaving kit next time you hit the road, since it's also TSA approved! So get your hands on this eco-friendly sleeve and get ready to plug and play!

FANTASY X-TENSIONS DELUXE SILICONE POWER CAGE

Designed to aid men with ED and midway performance issues, the Deluxe Power Cage is the perfect erection enhancer for couples as well. The ball strap on the bottom helps men prolong ejaculation and last longer, while its waterproof bullet vibrate and unique cage design will help stimulate your partner. Plus clean-up is a breeze with warm water and the enclosed cleaning solution. This is one cage you'll want to jump into!





At Night She Cries, While He Rides His Steed

by Ross Patterson

Patterson combines one of the most popular book genres these days — romance novels — with a genre that's seen better times — westerns — to craft a satire of both, with a little bit of faux memoir and all-too-real bromanship thrown in. Protagonist Saint James Street James is a 186-year-old multimillionaire recounting his life in and out of the saddle (if you know what we mean, and we think you do) with prose that's at once accessible, intelligent, sarcastic, politically incorrect — and very funny. St. James' advanced age allows for references to things like the Gold Rush of 1849, magician Criss Angel and McSorley's

Ale House as he tells tall tales of making his fortune, making whores and taking on his nemeses, the Schläger Brothers. If you want a book that'll make you LMAO, go somewhere fucking else. If you want a book that will make you laugh like the man you are — or the man you want to be — crack this bitch's spine and get to readifying. Just try not to move your lips too much.

HOT LINKS

SQUIRRRELYGIRLY.TUMBLR.COM

We're not quite sure if this website is the real-life online diary of a 19-year-old woman who identifies sexually and emotionally and otherwise with squirrels or if it's one of the best social satires we've ever seen, but we do know that it's a fascinating and hilarious read. Author Kaikura's claim to critterly otherkinship is explored through personal statements, interaction with her followers and a riotous FAQ that provides her wonderful backstory — "Astrally, every time I astral project, I take the form of a squirrel. This was the tipping point for me. That's when I knew I was truly meant to be a squirrel." The questions she takes from followers inquire as to the gender politics of squirrels (this is, tumblr, after all) to surprisingly politically incorrect musings on the state of race relations today (this is tumblr, after all) and to totally unrelated issues such as, "What is the square root of 9?" (this is tumblr, after all). The snark flows heavy out of this one sometimes, as Kaikura plainly doesn't give a fuck about whether people believe she's on the level or not. So poke your head into the emotional knothole of Kaikura's life as a human squirrel and decide for yourself if she's nuts.



HER BLACK LOVER

(New Sensations)

Penthouse Pet Jenna Ivory takes on what could be her biggest assignment yet, namely the blacksnake of porn legend Sean Michaels. The scene, set up to infer the additional thrill of cuckolding Jenna's (off-screen) husband, begins with a well-shot but short bout of toesucking that leads to a respectable and exciting throatfuck. Of course the payoff in their scene comes watching the lush and curvy Jenna ride Michaels' spear, hitting all the proper (dirty) talking points about pounding her pussy and stretching her cunt before an awesome doggie-style plowing. Cassidy Klein, Elektra Rose and Kylie Kalvetti are other players banging playas with the BBC that IR and cuckold fans love.



LESBIANS AND THEIR BIG TOYS

(Digital Sin)

Pussy-stretching isn't just a sport for men these days. All manner of jumbo jerksticks get employed here by dildo-wielding darlings who sling fake cocks like they were born with them. A raunchy make-out session with Kleio Valentien and Eva Angelina leads to a loud and lusty 69 (you'd think Eva's in a convent, the way she calls out for God so often) and reaches the first of several high points when Kleio fills Eva with fat dildos and Eva returns the favor wearing a big strap-on. Adriana Chechik loosens Anna Bell Peaks up with a four-fingerjob before introducing a big red knob into the mix and Keira Nicole and Kalina Ryu use a series of ever-growing toys to get each other off. Nicely shot by director Paul Woodcrest and crew, as well.

These and other products are available online at www.PenthouseStore.com or by calling 1-877-217-3436

WELCOME TO OUR PLAYROOM

(Home Grown Video)

This intriguing demonstration of amateur BDSM play is true to its genre — especially in the technical sense — but also in terms of showing real people playing with real people.

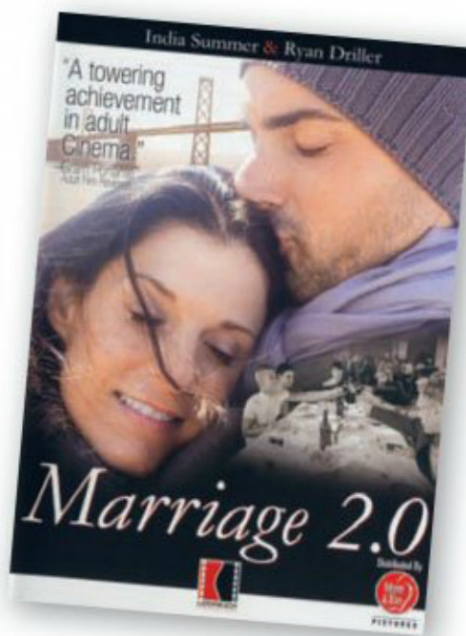
Pre-scene interviews give nice insight to the performers, and the action runs the gamut from bondage to titplay to forced orgasms to pegging and more. The presentation gets a bit clinical at times, also true to the self-conscious nature of the beast, but overall it's a hard-hitting show indeed. Extras include a flogging demo and instructions on how to send Homegrown your very own sex tape.



MARRIAGE 2.0

(Adam & Eve)

A documentary filmmaker looking to explore her sexuality in an open relationship (India Summer) learns about love and a whole lot more in this exceedingly high-quality adult drama. India does two scenes with Ryan Driller in which she displays her usual high level of attractiveness and action, but the film's blowout scene, boasting over a dozen participants, is practically the textbook definition of a showstopper, ranging from the slow and sensual to the hard and horny and relying on all sorts of mindfuckery, fetish play, dominance and everything in between. Dramatically though, this flick can be dark — not every open, free sexual relationship is perfect — but is well worth a viewing with a friend (or two).



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DIARY OF A PIMP

BY DENNIS HOF

America's most famous
legal brothel owner opens
up about his experiences in
life, love, business and more.
Have a question for Dennis?
Email him at Pimp@ffn.com



A PIMP'S DAY OFF

I work hard, no pun intended. If you think it's easy owning, running, promoting and maintaining the high standards of seven high-profile brothels, maybe you should try it some time. I'm just kidding; I wouldn't trade what I do for anything in the world.

As you might imagine if you've been reading this column, I'm a very hands-on pimp, again, no pun intended. My work days start at five o'clock in the morning, and they often don't end until after midnight, usually seven days a week. Don't get me wrong, I love being a brothel boss, but just like everyone who does an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, I do get

worn down and get burned-out, and there are times when I seriously need a break.

A break from what, you ask? Being surrounded by scores of horny, naked girls? Having hot, around-the-clock orgy sex? Partying with international celebrities and *Penthouse* models? Being a multi-millionaire living a lifestyle of luxury and unlimited self-indulgence? Exactly, my friend, sometimes I need a break from all that!

Because I'm a certified workaholic who works in an atmosphere of daily debauchery and indulgence, people ask me what I could possibly do to relax when I finally take some time off. After more than 20 years of steady pimping, down-time is essential. I've learned that to keep myself healthy on

all levels, I have to step back from being “Dennis Hof, Superpimp” on a regular basis. I have five essential vacation-time rules I’ve developed to keep my life more or less balanced on those precious days I get to relax.

A Day Without Sex Is Still a Great Day

When I started running the Bunny Ranch, I went absolutely pussy-crazy. I felt like I had to have sex with three or more different girls a day, or what was the point of being a pimp? Over time, though, I came to realize that I was just putting pressure on myself to perform when I really just wasn’t in the mood. So once a month I’ll just get in my car with a good buddy of mine, drive from the brothel into town and take in a couple of movies in the middle of the day. It’s that simple. I get a

box of popcorn, kick back and enjoy a flick. After that, we’ll take a walk around a nearby mall and grab some food. A day’s killed, I didn’t have sex and you know what? I still had a wonderful day, enjoying some down time with a friend.

Whatever Has To Be Done Today Can Be Done Tomorrow

There’s always work to do when you run a brothel that’s open 24/7, and you can go crazy trying to stay on top of it all. You know why? Because you simply can’t. So when I start to become overwhelmed but I still want to keep going, I drop everything I’m doing, pick up the phone and tell my travel agent to book a flight for me and one of my favorite current gal-pals to someplace nice, fun and far away from brothel life. It could be a long



weekend in Paris, a two-day trip to Mexico, a week in Montreal, or just a couple of days in San Francisco.

No matter where I go, it's a complete fuck-fest for me and my date in first-class, four-star accommodations to take my mind off work. Sometimes I'll take two or three of the lovely Bunnies with me if I'm feeling particularly frisky. When I do that, I always come back to work with a clear head, ready to start fresh.

Being Alone Can Be Fun

Now I'm going to tell you all something that almost no one knows about me: I own a secret place not that far from the Bunny Ranch that I escape to now and then when I want to be completely alone and not be bothered by any living creature.

Many years ago I purchased a beautiful cabin on Lake Tahoe, which is about an hour and a half away from the Bunny Ranch. If you've ever been to Lake Tahoe, you know how incredible it is, a classy year-round resort town like no other. I fixed the place up with every amenity you can imagine, then I just locked it up and never told anyone about it. I've been a mega-people person for my entire life, but I've learned to appreciate the tranquility and introspection that I can achieve by being alone with only the sounds of nature ringing in my ears.

I only go to the cabin about twice a year — once in the summer, and once in the winter — and when I do, I keep my intended location a secret. I turn off my cell phone, I don't watch TV or listen to the radio or turn on my laptop. I take long walks in the woods around the lake, I sit by the water and watch nature do its thing, and I just

rest and think. For the first few hours it's difficult not to pick up the cell or switch on the boob tube, but I discipline myself, and for the next 48 hours or so I'm just like a pimp-monk. When I come back to the Bunny Ranch I feel exhilarated and energized.

Food Is My Friend

I have to say that next to sex, food is my closest friend, but one of the worst personal habits I've developed from working like a madman is neglecting my diet. We have an on-site gourmet chef running a world-class kitchen that feeds all the working girls and staff, but many times I find myself eating on the run, stuffing something in my mouth whenever I have a second. I know this is bad for me, so from time to time I take a day off and concentrate on eating good, healthy food.

There are some great local restaurants here in Carson City, in Reno and just an hour away in Las Vegas, but sometimes I'll ask one of my girlfriends to whip up a homemade meal, or I'll indulge at my very own on-premises restaurant, but no matter what, I make a day of it. I'm sure I gain some weight on the days I do this, but I eat slower, really appreciate my food, give myself time to digest properly and definitely feel more satisfied. Spending a day here and there focusing on the sensual enjoyment of food rather than pussy can be a very nice change of pace.

Doing Nothing Is Doing Something!

Finally, over the years I've learned to accept the fact that doing nothing is actually doing something in itself. I've worked from a young age, so I'm used to keeping busy. But what's wrong



with just putting everything aside for a while? What's wrong with just doing, well, nothing? It's never been easy for me to do nothing, but once in a while, I force myself to take a morning, an afternoon or maybe even a nice Sunday and just hang out. I'll walk around the grounds here, sit at the Bunny Bar and talk to the customers, take a drive up to the local general store, anything that takes little if any effort. It's like giving myself permission to let go, to not have any responsibility for a little while. It's almost like a vacation from myself, in a sense.

For most people a vacation means those two weeks in the summer when they can go somewhere special before they head back to a job they hate but need so they can pay their bills. I'm

very blessed that isn't my situation, and I never forget that.

I could keep working at the Bunny Ranch and my other brothels every day for the rest of my life and, considering all the perks and bonuses that come with being the world's most famous legal pimp, consider my job to be one big vacation in itself. But I've learned that it's all relative. I treasure my trips to Europe, my getaways to my secret cabin by the lake and to the local movie theatre no less than you treasure your time-off from your job.

Dennis Hof is the owner of the Moonlite Bunny Ranch family of brothels located in Carson City, Nevada. He's also the author of The Art of the Pimp (Regan Arts).

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LIFE ON TOP

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GIRL TALK

BY MANDY STADTMILLER

Each month, sex journalist Mandy Stadtmiller offers her unique perspective on topics affecting men, women and couples of all orientations. If there's a topic you'd like to see her tackle, send her an email at GirlTalk@ffn.com



There may be nothing hotter than a threesome — when it doesn't go spectacularly wrong, that is. You know the scenario: One girl ends up crying, the other girl ends up stomping off and you end up with a case of blue-balls. So follow these handy guidelines for fucking two ladies at once, and you're guaranteed plenty of future spank bank material.

1). Let statistics be your friend. According to a 2013 study by the *Metropolitan Report* based on 5,000 interviews with 18- to 39-year-olds, about 20 percent of men and women have engaged in a threesome. How does this help your case? Because it really doesn't have to be a big deal.

Look at those five customers across from you at Starbucks. Now think: At least one of them has been in a big ol' naughty flesh pile where the only aim was to have as many orgasms as possible. So when you consider suggesting a threesome with two friends or with a girlfriend and a third (known as the "unicorn"), take all the seriousness down a notch. Are you all virgins? No? Then stop equating your threesome with an earth-shattering occasion. It's hot, it's sexy, but it's not like this makes you a bona fide swinger or a member of the polyamory community. You felt like fucking more than one chick. The three of you agreed to it. You had fun. The end.

2). Don't say who the uglier girl is. Harsh, right? But also true. Empirically, one of these women is going to have hotter, tighter, shinier, more supple and fuckable parts. Well, play it cool, man. If you swoon over one girl more than the other, the threesome simply stops being fun. Remember: Even if you can't slobber over every inch of the Perfect 10 who happens to be a part of this sexual scenario, you're still having one of the hottest experiences of your entire life. So don't fuck it up.

3). If you have a primary in the threesome (also known as your girlfriend), for the love of God, man, don't use your signature dirty talk or moves with the third, or the seeds of resentment will be sown. A lot of

times the best dirty talk is very pragmatic and instructional. Tease and goad the girls by saying, "I think she wants to kiss you." No need to make this anything more than the lustful adventure it is. Threesomes aren't about romantic sweet nothings in someone's ear. They're about fucking.

4). Be prepared for it to be thwarted. If you tallied how many of your friends had "near threesomes," you'd be blown away how often the plan fizzled out because someone got cold feet, backed out or simply "saw in your eyes" you were too into one girl over the other. That's the way it goes. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

5). Don't make it about your needs right away. There are so many fun



combinations of positions you can try in a threesome: Get blown while another girl sits on your face; fuck one girl from behind while she eats out the other; lick her ass while she licks the other girl's ass; and on and on. A threesome can be like Christmas morning if you don't demand all the presents at once. Make sure both of the women's needs are met, sexually and psychologically. Never just fool around with one of them. The other should always be involved in some way, even if it's just ball-licking duty. Wait, how is that meeting her needs? Trust me. If a woman is having a threesome, she enjoys playing the slut role. Don't get me wrong: Make sure to eat her pussy or do whatever makes her come, but make them both feel like MVPs in this fantasy.

6). Spontaneity is great, but not when it comes to sexual boundaries. Tons of threesomes start with a bottle of alcohol emptied too quickly or some pesky sexual tension that hasn't been dealt with properly. Hence, the spontaneous threesome is born.

That's all well and good, but even if it's just a one-minute time-out to discuss what's off-limits with your primary, it's crucial to make sure this conversation happens. Lots of women find it absolutely shocking when their boyfriend intends to stick his dick inside the third when she'd assumed that was the one act that was off-limits. Didn't discuss it? Well you might be in for a nasty fight and a lot of hurt feelings later on. Your girlfriend might have thought this was just going to be about exhibitionism, and when your cock is shoved all the way down the third's throat, that's a squirmy little

situation you're in, so cover the important bases beforehand.

7). Try to make sure the two women are psychologically unified. It may seem counterintuitive, but the threesome is a slut's paradise. If these girls are DTT (Down To Threesome), then they're probably chicks who dig porn and go straight to the group sex category to get their jollies. One scenario that's exciting to women is playing the carefree, cock-obsessed, unaccountable bimbo who's there to fuck and suck at your pleasure. Obviously that doesn't apply to every woman enjoying a threesome; some chicks who are normally submissive enjoy dominating the third, but it's a common enough scenario that you can sell the "you two are horny sluts" scenario to them if your tone and demeanor are teasing and sexy as fuck, not sadistic or misogynistic.

8). Take the shame out of it. Let's be real. You'll probably never get registered at Tiffany with the two women in the threesome. They know this. The threesome gives them agency to drop the game-playing they might engage in when they're focused on the fall-in-love-with-me intensity of one-on-one sex. This is a night for them to go hog wild. Encourage that. The less self-conscious you are, the better. Praise them, even if you're playing with the energy of them being your "nasty whores" or whatever. Tell them how awesome they are, and how sexy they look when they kiss each other. Infuse the entire experience with joy, playfulness and confidence.

9). Experiment with power dynamics in a way that titillates the women and plays into their *50 Shades of Grey*



fantasies. Women love to be teased and then rewarded. Fuck one of your ladies while you're kissing the other. When you're caressing the asshole of the woman draped across your chest, show the woman sucking your dick what you're doing to her. It's exhilarating, cheek-burning and dominant as hell. Make the first one say she likes having her asshole finger-fucked so the other girl has to hear her dirty confession. This excites women because it's such a vast departure from vanilla sex, where the stakes are never-changing.

Once you've sniffed out your girls' comfort levels with teasing and naughtiness — and there doesn't seem to be any jealousy or finger pointing — the fun of a threesome begins. You can team up with one of the girls to dote on the other one so she gets the in-stereo thrill of dual pleasure and the excitement of won-

dering when she gets her turn on the giving end.

And the most important rule of all:

10). Never leave the two women unattended for more than a minute. There may come a point when you don't have to do as much work as you normally would, and you may be tempted to take a break. Do not give into this temptation. Next thing you know, you return and they're putting their clothes on. Besides, if you play your cards right, you won't just be having one go-round with your threesome. Before the night's over, everyone will be ready for seconds, and maybe, true to the act's name, thirds.

Mandy Stadtmiller is the host of "News Whore," a weekly podcast about culture, comedy and sex featuring new and provocative figures in the world of pop culture. Episodes are available free at riotcast.com/newswhore.

ROMANCING THE STONED



By Chef Payton Curry

Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Find out why by using your favorite legal or prescription marijuana strain and treat your partner to the perfect morning-after meal.



Coffee Bhang

Ingredients

6 oz dark coffee, 2 shots espresso if you have it
1 to 2 Tbsp CannaButter
2 Tbsp CannaCream

Directions

Place this one in a blender and let it rip. If you don't have a blender handy, a mug will do you well.

You can find the recipe for CannaButter by logging onto marijuanarecipes.com/recipe/cannabutter-and-oils/cannabutter

You can find the recipe for CannaCream by logging onto marijuanarecipes.com/recipe/cannabutter-and-oils/cannacream



Shroom and Swiss Omelette

Ingredients

- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp butter
- 1 tsp Infused Coconut Oil
- 2 oz portobellini mushrooms
- 1 oz oyster mushrooms
- 1 shallot, julienned
- 1 garlic clove
- 1 Tbsp parsley
- 1 Tbsp balsamic vinegar

Directions

Heat oil to medium-high in an eight-inch, non-stick pan. Whip eggs and season with salt and pepper, then add to pan. Form the base with a rubber spatula by moving the eggs in a circular pattern in the pan. After a minute or so, add remaining ingredients and fold in half. Give it a minute to warm through, then plate.

You can find the recipe for Infused Coconut Oil by logging onto marijuanarecipes.com/recipe/cannabutter-and-oils/coconut-oil



Budding Melon Salad

Ingredients

1 cantaloupe
2 oz sliced prosciutto
1 oz Infused Olive Oil
(add more for higher potency)

Directions

Cut each end off of the melon so that you have a flat starting point when you start to take the layers off. Grab a sharp knife and carve away the skin. Next cut the melon in half from top to bottom and remove the seeds. Cut into your desired shape and lay the prosciutto over the top. To finish, drizzle with some medicated olive oil and a sprinkle of salt. Enjoy!

You can find the recipe for Infused Olive Oil by logging onto marijuanarecipes.com/recipe/cannabutter-and-oils/infused-olive-oil



Parfait for the Course

Ingredients

2 cups yogurt, go Greek
1 cup berries, fresh
1 cup Mary'malade, Blueberry
and Raspberry are favorites
1/2 cup HoneyBuzz
1 cup Granola (optional)

Directions

Grab a to-go glass the night before and layer yourself some breakfast. The portability of this is nice and it is a great way to balance your metabolism for a great day outside.

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TIFFANY THOMPSON





Sometimes nothing does the trick like the feel of a young woman lying close to you late at night. When that young woman is Tiffany Thompson, then it doesn't matter what time of day it is.













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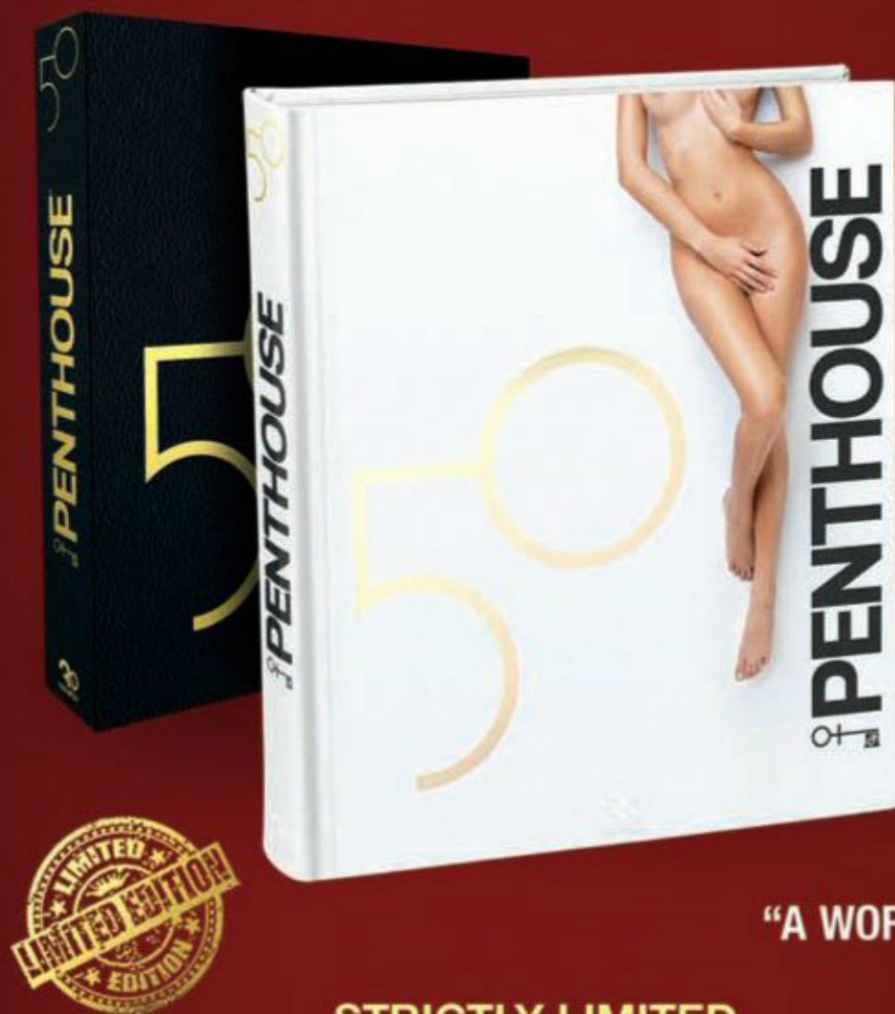
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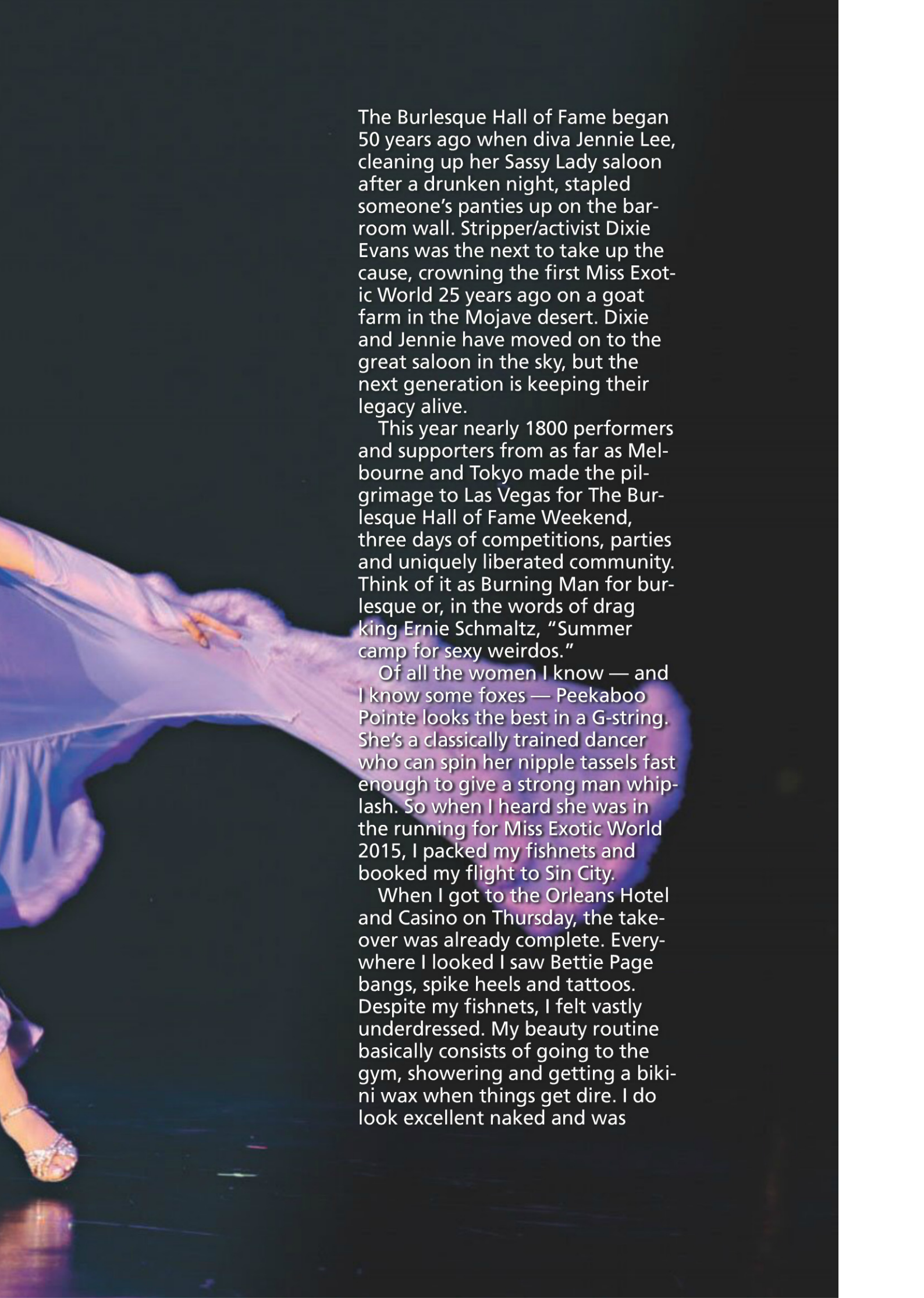


THE LUST WEEKEND

*Inside Sin City's
Striptease Spectacular*

by Sarah Deming

Photographs by Don Spiro
www.burlesquehall.com

A person in a purple burlesque costume is performing on stage. The costume is a long, flowing, sheer purple dress with a ruffled hem. The person is wearing a purple G-string and is captured in a dynamic pose, with one leg raised and bent. The background is dark, and the stage floor is reflective.

The Burlesque Hall of Fame began 50 years ago when diva Jennie Lee, cleaning up her Sassy Lady saloon after a drunken night, stapled someone's panties up on the bar-room wall. Stripper/activist Dixie Evans was the next to take up the cause, crowning the first Miss Exotic World 25 years ago on a goat farm in the Mojave desert. Dixie and Jennie have moved on to the great saloon in the sky, but the next generation is keeping their legacy alive.

This year nearly 1800 performers and supporters from as far as Melbourne and Tokyo made the pilgrimage to Las Vegas for The Burlesque Hall of Fame Weekend, three days of competitions, parties and uniquely liberated community. Think of it as Burning Man for burlesque or, in the words of drag king Ernie Schmaltz, "Summer camp for sexy weirdos."

Of all the women I know — and I know some foxes — Peekaboo Pointe looks the best in a G-string. She's a classically trained dancer who can spin her nipple tassels fast enough to give a strong man whiplash. So when I heard she was in the running for Miss Exotic World 2015, I packed my fishnets and booked my flight to Sin City.

When I got to the Orleans Hotel and Casino on Thursday, the takeover was already complete. Everywhere I looked I saw Bettie Page bangs, spike heels and tattoos. Despite my fishnets, I felt vastly underdressed. My beauty routine basically consists of going to the gym, showering and getting a bikini wax when things get dire. I do look excellent naked and was

fully prepared to have a drug-fueled orgy in the service of journalism, but this seemed unlikely.

Why would anyone want to have an orgy with me when they could have one with Peekaboo or her friends Tansy and Nikki, the sexiest lesbian couple I'd ever seen, or Madame Rosebud, an icily beautiful dominatrix straight out of *Venus in Furs*?

If I felt out of my element, just imagine the poor squares who'd come to the Orleans to play slots. Performer Dirty Martini called them "muggles." They sat in their haze of second-hand smoke, staring slack-jawed at the lesbians in suits and bearded men in evening gowns. Only in America.

Thursday's "Movers, Shakers & Innovators Showcase" kicked off the weekend with one of my favorite performers, the supple aerialist Harvest Moon, but Peekaboo's friend Tansy stole the show. Named for a little yellow flower, this milk-fed brunette looks like a hotter Mary Ann doing dirty things to Gilligan. A man in a lion suit leapt across the stage while she alternately whipped, petted and rode him, unbuttoning her waistcoat to reveal her amber waves of grain.



If I have any beef with burlesque, it's the occasional amateurism. Because it embraces all body types and puts power in the dancers' hands, you sometimes get flabby people with no rhythm stripping as a kind of public therapy. Therapists get paid, and if I'm watching that shit, I want a tip. Tansy was a pro, though, and the lion was moonlighting from the elite modern dance company Pilobolus. This boded well for the weekend.

The next morning, Peekaboo and I enjoyed a hangover helper at the little casino coffeeshop. Roxi D'Lite, Miss Exotic World 2010, joined our table, as did the hilarious Judith Stein, who would be performing that evening in the "Legends Showcase." Judith and Roxi are both Canadian and called each other "Mama Beaver" and "Baby Beaver."

"I've fucked a few ugly men," announced Judith Stein, "but I never fucked a stupid one. The mind is a very powerful thing."

The "legends" ranged in age from frisky sixtysomethings like Judith to wizened 90-year-olds zipping about on electric scooters. Like all grandmothers, they loved to tell stories. Madame E of Honolulu told me about dancing pro bono for a hundred sailors on an aircraft carrier during the Vietnam War. When the captain got wise, he chased her half-naked around the ship until some enlisted men carried her to dry land. Gina Bon Bon remembered making love to a policeman on the Brooklyn Bridge: "He never took off his gun." And Joy Dale had slept with Jack Ruby. He owned the Texas club where she stripped and was a very kind boss, but she was too drunk to remember the sex. She thought he wasn't very well-hung.

Judith Stein said she was invited to pose for *Penthouse* in the '70s but

didn't want to show pink. "Not that there's anything wrong with that," she says. "If you can keep your own heart and your own head together, who am I to judge? Back in the day, we had girls shooting Ping-Pong balls out of their pussies."

Our coffeeshop table erupted with stories of vaginal projectiles. Roxi said she could do Ping-Pong balls, too, and Peekaboo did an act where she garnished a vodka martini with pussy ice cubes. I told them about the time I'd eaten a banana out of a blonde at a sex show in Amsterdam.

Judith shared a cautionary tale about a coworker who was "such a scuzzy-ass bitch I swear her G-string could walk around by itself." The girl turned tricks behind the club and, without washing, shot water out of her twat into the mouths of unsuspecting audience members. I resolved in the future to only eat things out of the pussies of friends.

That night at the Legends Showcase, Judith danced a comic act with so many pairs of panties it was like clowns in a Volkswagen. All the legends were inspiring in their own way, and the parade of sagging boobs and wrinkled bellies felt like a pleasant act of revolution.

Saturday morning I awoke at the crack of noon, excited to see Peekaboo shine. She'd promised to let me watch her primp pre-show. To kill time, I headed to the pool to ogle dancers in their bathing suits.

Madame Rosebud was looking especially fine in her black corset, a white hat shading her porcelain skin. I worked up the nerve to ask her if it was true that she'd come to Vegas with her husband, her boyfriend, her girlfriend and her slave.

"I brought my mom, too," she said. "May I quote you on that?"

"Of course." She smiled dazzlingly. "Tell them a big old slut from New York was here."

Just then her slave approached, a kind, middle-aged man with a pad-locked chain collar.

"I bought Miss Peekaboo and Miss Roxi drinks," he announced.

"Oooh," cooed his mistress. "That's a good little service slave."

She left to check on the entourage, and I sat poolside by Peekaboo's darling ex-girlfriend Frances to get the scouting report on Peek's competition. Frances emphasized it wasn't cutthroat and they were all honored just to be there, blah blah blah. Jo "Boobs" Weldon, who coordinated judging and has herself contributed to this fine magazine, said, "Everybody's friends. It's not like they're throwing pearls under each other's heels."

I was having none of it. I wanted blood on the stilettos, poison in the pasties. I wanted to know who those judges were so I could offer them back-alley blowjobs. When pressed, Frances tipped Perle Noire, a beautiful black dancer from New Orleans, as one to watch.



Peekaboo had a love life as mysterious and ever-changing as her eyes. When we first met, she was married to a pornographer. Today was the anniversary of their wedding and their divorce. After him, she lived with a vegan psychologist. Next came Frances, who was a lesbian of my very favorite kind: pretty like a woman but dapper like a man. Peekaboo was now dating another male vegan, this time a Rastafarian, but Frances wasn't holding a grudge.

"She saved my life," said Frances. "She's a total fucking healer. She heals the world through movement."

I told Frances I thought more straight dudes should come to these events. The weekend had the highest pussy-to cock ratio I'd ever seen, and about 80 percent of the men in attendance are gay. Where were all the sugar daddies?

"A girl's gotta eat," I said. "All you have to do is be respectful and have a little cash."

"You don't even need that," Frances said. "If you have a vintage bowling shirt and Brylcreem in your hair, you'll get your dick sucked."

I went back to my room and turned on my television just in time to see the Belmont Stakes. When American Pharoah thundered across the finish, winning the first Triple Crown in 37 years, I tried to figure out if it was a good omen for Peekaboo, but I couldn't tell.

Minnie Tonka, Peekaboo's willowy blonde roommate, was completely naked when she opened the door to their hotel room and invited me inside. Stevie Wonder was playing and Peek was wearing see-through panties that she soon peeled off. She sprayed herself all over with something that made her skin shine.

I tried not to stare at the two women's pussies while they primped. Min-



nie had creamy skin and soft curves and a little fuzz down there. Her entire lack of tattoos seemed almost kinky. Peekaboo had a bare pussy and extensive ink, perfectly placed to enhance her curves. She hadn't eaten any carbs for the previous two weeks, and her strong, curvy body looked especially tight. When I met Peek she was a Betty Boop. Now she was a Marilyn.

"Blondes do have more fun," she said. "The day I bleached my hair, a high school kid hit on me and I was like, I'm never going back."

Frances came in and burned palo santo for luck. Nikki and Tansy brought some Champagne. Peekaboo put on a spectacular transparent gold gown designed by the reigning King of Boylesque, Mr. Gorgeous. I stayed a few steps behind her as we walked through the casino so I could watch the bedazzled G-string ripple over her ass and witness the shock of the gamblers as she glided half-naked between the slot machines.

Showtime. First up was "Best Debut," swept by a stunning Australian named Zelia Rose who looked and danced like Josephine Baker. "Best

Small Group" deservedly went to the Original Twins, but my favorite was Circus de Moccus, a co-ed Japanese duo in clown wigs whose superhero-themed striptease to "Witch Doctor" made my heart explode with joy.

Of all the sexy weirdos I'd seen that weekend, Circus de Moccus were my first choice for orgy buddies. It would be a degrading, drug-fueled, cosplay orgy. I would wake up in a ditch in the Nevada desert, glittery and ashamed, desperately clutching a come-spat-tered My Little Pony.

"Best Large Group" was dominated by Jenny Rocha and her Painted Ladies with a nurse-fantasy number that managed to be both hot and terrify-

feathers. Ginger Valentine of Texas was the classic beauty of the group, who danced like a high-class whore. When she let down her long, dark hair, the stage went away and she was all alone with you in a king-sized bed.

Peekaboo came on last. I stopped taking notes the moment she walked on stage. It was her red-dress number, the one that started with "St. James Infirmary Blues." I was in the very back row, but Peekaboo has this gaze that can find you anywhere. "It's like she's giving you the world," Frances said.

She kept the dress on for a while, showing us one of her tapering thighs and then hiding it again, and even though I had seen her naked so many



ing. "Best Boylesque" was underwhelming; none of them could compete with Mr. Gorgeous, who humped a cannon for his step-down number.

Finally it was time for Peekaboo's event, "Miss Exotic World." There were so many beautiful contestants I lost count. Perle Noire was just as good as everyone said. She had legs like a sprinter's and dark skin that glowed against her hot pink silk and

times before, I wanted to see her body all over again.

Under the red dress was a gauzy slutsuit a la *I Dream of Jeannie*. Peekaboo dashed across the stage in her shining heels then dropped to her knees. Later she told us she had never been able to run that fast before; the stages back home are too small. After that, her dancing was filled with a kind of orgasmic bliss.

She humped the air, dropped back, and spun her tassels in a full back-bend. She did a split and winked at us with her butt cheek. She got up, bent over, and her ass did the wave like the crowd at a football stadium. I screamed so loud I lost my voice.

At the end of the night, pussy is pussy. You can buy it. You can worship it. You can spread it wide open and stare into it. But you can never really have it. The great burlesque dancers understand this, and that's why they make it funny or scary or cover it with rhinestones. Because it's a pussy, and because it's theirs.

When they gave Perle Noire the award for first runner-up, I thought we had it in the bag.

"And the winner. . ." intoned the annoying master of ceremonies, "from New York City. . ."

I leapt to my feet. Peekaboo had done it! She'd won!

"Trixie Little!"

A dark horse! I sat back down and looked through my notes. Trixie was that tiny redhead with the great abs. She'd done the banana number. It was true that her costume was spectacular: a yellow dress that she'd peeled away to reveal a creamy core. And she'd kind of fucked herself with the banana, which was a good way to end, but I hadn't really pegged her as a front-runner. I was too busy watching Peekaboo.

I filed out into the lobby, trying to hide my disappointment, and looked over to find Peekaboo inside a circle of admirers. She seemed okay. We all went back to Tansy and Nikki's room to spread out on the beds, eat hummus and potato chips, and drink wine from a box. There was a heaviness in the air, but nobody was bitching. Everyone just said how happy they were for Trixie.



Tansy took off her pants. Frances and Nikki topped off our wine. Minnie Tonka sat very straight in her skin-tight dress, watching Peeks, who leaned back against the headboard, her huge eyes glimmering.

"I'm not crying because I'm sad," she told us. "I'm just crying because it's over."



Her cheeks were stained with lipstick kisses, and the lacing of her gold dress had come loose, revealing one sequined nipple. She leaned across the bed toward Tansy, who was now practicing some yoga positions, completely bottomless, over by the door. They vowed to go back to New York and dance harder.

Tansy put on some hot pants, and we headed to the after party, where I once again failed to have an orgy. But I guess there's always next year.

Sarah Deming is a novelist, essayist and admirer of naked ladies. She's won a Pushcart Prize and MacDowell Fellowship. She lives in Brooklyn.





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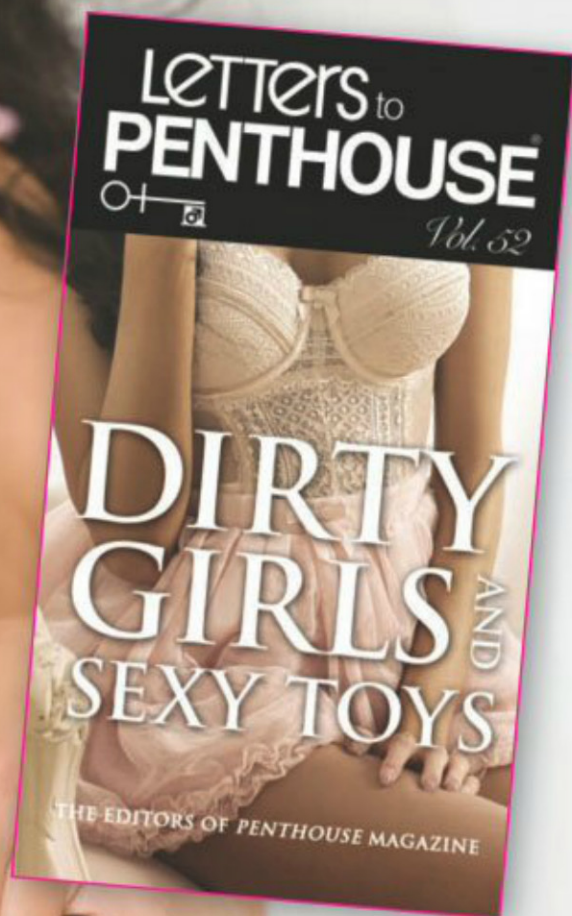




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A GOOD NEIGHBOR

Recently new neighbors moved in next door, so one morning my wife Maria went to introduce herself and the new neighbor invited her in for coffee.

Bonita, a lush, large-breasted blonde in her late twenties, was in her robe. As the women chatted over their coffee, Bonita's robe kept falling open. At one point one of her large tits almost fell out in plain view. She caught my wife looking at it and quickly covered herself. Then she offered to show Maria the renovations she and her husband had done before moving in.

In the course of the house tour, they came to the master bedroom. A massive life-size dildo was lying on the bed! At first Bonita seemed a little embarrassed, but she just said, "Oh, I thought I'd put that away." Maria told me she didn't know what to say, so she just told Bonita not to worry.

Bonita explained that she'd formed a liking for really big cocks when she was in college, having been introduced to them by her roommate, but her husband, whom she'd married three years ago, although a great lover, wasn't that well-endowed. Instead of cheating on him, she said she used the big dildo a couple of times a week when he was at work. It felt like the real thing and was almost as satisfying, she said.

Bonita asked Maria if she ever had a really big cock like the dildo. Maria was so shocked; she could only stammer that she hadn't. What Bonita said next really surprised her: "Would you like to try it?" Maria, stunned by her question, managed only to shake her head yes, surprising even herself. Everything was happening so fast. She had only come in for some coffee and to get to know the new neighbor and suddenly she's in this woman's bedroom about to try out her giant dildo! She found

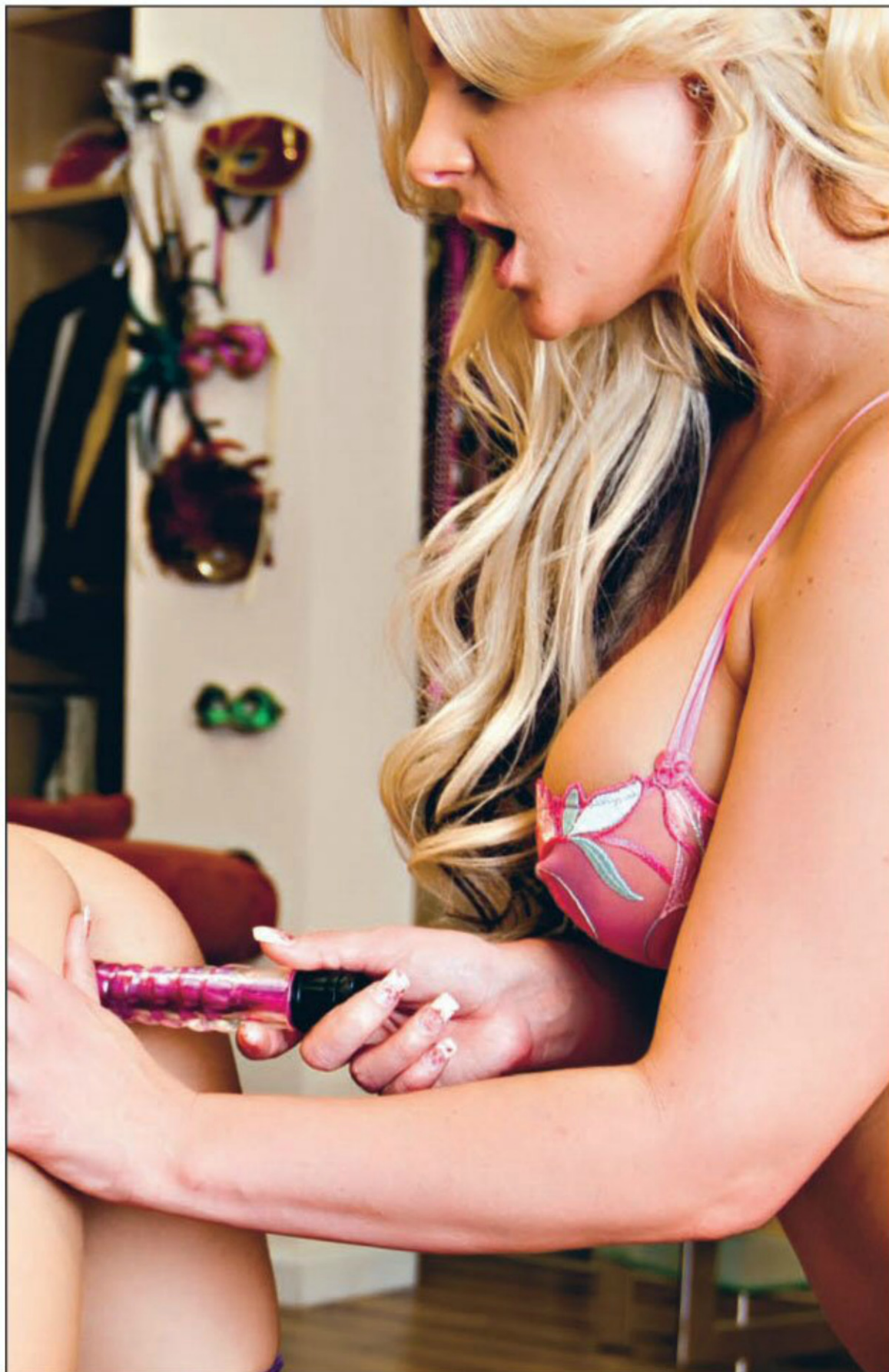
herself asking Bonita if she could show her how best to use it, since she'd never had a cock that big in her pussy.

Bonita told her to undress and get on the bed, then removed her robe and got on the bed with her. Maria said Bonita's body was even more beautiful than she'd thought. She began getting wet just looking at it. She said she was almost ready to come when Bonita started caressing her pussy and licking her nipples. Then Bonita slipped a finger in her pussy, followed by two more, and finger-fucked her, opening her up and getting her prepared for the dildo.

In time Bonita said, "I think you're ready for it." She took the dildo and pushed it in my wife slowly. Maria said it felt huge. She was being stretched to the limit, but she was so wet it slid in easily. After a few strokes to get her used to the size, Bonita began thrusting and pounding the thing in her. After about five minutes Maria couldn't take any more and squirted all over the dildo and Bonita's hand.

After a while Maria pulled it out of her and was still so turned on, she shoved it into Bonita's pussy. After she made Bonita come just as quickly, they tidied themselves up and then just got to talking again. Bonita asked Maria if she had liked the feeling of a big, fat cock and wondered, did she think she was missing out on something? Maria said she had to admit that she had and that yes, she kind of did.

Bonita said she had a big-cocked ex-boyfriend who lived close by who she thought would love to fuck her. Maria said she didn't want to cheat on her husband, but she would be happy to come back and fuck Bonita with the big dildo anytime, as she didn't think I would have a problem with her making it with another woman.





Maria finally told me the whole story a couple of weeks later. She said she didn't want to do anything behind my back, but she couldn't get the thought of being fucked by a real-life cock the size of the dildo out of her mind, and she wanted to try it with Bonita's ex-boyfriend, so she could experience the real thing at least once.

I know how important it is to keep my wife happy, plus she seemed to me that she had made up her mind anyway. And while it's true that the idea of her being with another guy makes me jealous, the idea of her getting fucked by a big cock really turns me on as well, so maybe Maria getting fucked by a woman with a fake cock is the actually perfect solution.

That's where Maria is right now! She promised to tell me all about it when she gets back. My dick is so hard, I only hope I can hold out until she comes back home!

J.L.

Fort Collins, Colorado

SHARE, SHARE, THAT'S FAIR

I got a surprising response when I told my wife that I'd enjoy seeing her in action with another man. We're both 40 and have been married 15 years. She hesitated, then chose her words carefully. She said she'd let me watch another man do naughty things to her if she could watch a friend of hers do me. That sounded great. Two for the price of one! I could have her friend do me, then watch a man take her.

Sandy said she wanted to be the first observer, and it was soon arranged for a Saturday night. That evening she approached me with her hands filled with nylon stockings, and without a word began to tie my wrists together. She said her friend would be over within 15 minutes, and she didn't want me

to change my mind about our deal. I quickly assured her that I didn't intend to change my mind.

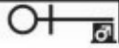
With my wrists securely tied, Sandy went to work on my ankles. Soon I was sitting on the sofa, unable to get loose if I tried (which I didn't). She had just finished when the doorbell rang. She went to the door and returned with a good-looking young guy she introduced as "my friend Victor." I was puzzled. Then she told me that Victor was the friend that she was going to watch have my body.

What could I say?

Victor didn't say a word. He sat next to me on the sofa and put his right hand on my crotch. I sat in disbelief as he squeezed my soft cock through my pants. I looked at Sandy, who was sitting across from us, her eyes on Victor's busy hand. She was smiling. Never did I think Victor would succeed in getting me hard, but soon I realized I was semi-hard! He seemed to know what he was doing, and he knew it was getting to me.

Soon I could see the outline of my cock inside my pants. Victor was working on me like a master. I was mad for being unable to control myself, but with Victor's expertise and the thought of my wife watching the action, I was a goner. I was stiff as a board when Victor eventually undid my belt and pants and then pulled the pants down to my knees, followed by my shorts. My cock shot upward.

Victor took hold of it and played with it, manipulating my foreskin masterfully. My wife's eyes were glued to it. My breathing quickened. Then Victor slowly lowered his head. Holy shit, was he going to blow me right in front of my wife! I felt some soft kisses on my cockhead. Each time Victor planted one, my shaft jerked uncontrollably.



Then I felt my cock entering Victor's mouth, wet and warm, with his lips sealing it in. A powerful suction drew my dick deeper between his lips. I hate to admit it, but his sucking was as good as my wife's, maybe better. While she was busy watching him give me pleasure, I couldn't hold off and blew my load in Victor's mouth. He swallowed everything I delivered, and then licked me clean, just like my wife does.

Then he got up and, leaving me just lying there with my pants and shorts around my knees, he walked toward Sandy. At some point it finally occurred to me that this was the other half of our deal. Victor was the man I was going to watch have her!

He unbuttoned her blouse, and then pulled the material off her white shoulders. Next he pulled her slacks down. She stood, and I could see the wet spot in her see-through bikini panties. The high heels she had on made her shapely legs look even shapelier. With both hands he pulled her panties down her legs, exposing her smooth pussy.

Sandy purposely lifted one leg onto the soft chair. Victor went down on his knees and planted his head under her crotch. In seconds it began to move. Then Sandy had both her hands on the back of him, holding his head in place and encouraging him to eat her pussy. As she stood there with her friend Victor feasting on her crotch, she looked straight into my eyes. I could clearly see waves of pleasure coursing throughout my wife's body. She was in heaven! It didn't take long for Victor to make her come. As she screamed, the leg on the floor buckled. Her whole body shook.

Victor undid his pants and sat down next to me. His cock was longer and thicker than mine. Though I was still sitting with my pants at my knees, it was Victor who was going to have his

cock sucked. I had the perfect view as my wife sucked on his big prick passionately until he exploded. Not a drop escaped her mouth.

Oh, the things my wife has dreamed up since that amazing night. But, those tales are for another time. You'll be hearing from me again, *Forum*.

Name and address withheld

WHO'S THE BOSS?

I think I'm a Goddamn good wife, and while some of your readers will think that I'm a tramp, I'm sure that few of them would have done what I did. I'm 24 and Russell, my husband of three years, is 30. He's been working for a small marketing company for about two years, and because he's the junior member of the management team he has to spend a lot of time on the road.

Six months ago the owner of the company, Owen, invited us to a party at his home. Russell had told me stories about what a dirty old man Owen was, but since Russell was up for a promotion it was clear I should go out of my way to be nice to the boss.

Owen, a solidly built black man in his late fifties, greeted us at the door. "It's about time I met the little lady," he said as he shamelessly appraised my figure, particularly my 34C boobs. Most of the guests were men in their forties and few had brought their wives along. It wasn't a group of people I had much in common with — or interest in — and I resigned myself to a dull evening.

I was standing with Russell as he talked with his coworkers when I suddenly felt an arm around my waist.

"They're talking shop, so why don't I show you around the place?" suggested Owen and, with a nod to Russell, he led me away from the group.

Owen turned out to be a charming man, sure of himself and real easy to





talk to. I was getting a little high on the drinks and enjoying his attention. A few times his hand slid up my side and touched the edge of one of my tits.

He took me to the cabana by the pool. We had drinks and sat on the couch. Owen told me what a good job Russell was doing and that he was seriously thinking of promoting him. He spent a lot of time looking at my cleavage and at the hem of my dress, which had ridden up my thigh a tiny bit more than I would have let it if I were completely sober.

"Well, I try to help Russell as much as I can," I said.

Owen just smiled. Then his mouth came down onto mine. Kissing me, he slid his hand up my dress to my pussy. He found me wet, and there was nothing I could do to hide it. His other hand went up to the zipper of my dress, and soon he was licking and sucking on my nipples through my bra. I was really turned on. I could feel my juices flowing around his fingers as they pumped in my hole. His hand left my pussy, and I could feel my panties being pulled off. I stopped him. "Strip," I told him. I was a little taken aback by the forcefulness in my voice.

He stood up in front of me and took off his clothes. My pussy pulsed when he lowered his pants. His cock had to be about seven inches long and quite thick. He dropped to his knees, pulled my ass to the edge of the couch and started feasting on my pussy. I lost it when his tongue found my clit, and I began humping my cunt against his mouth. I was in ecstasy as he brought me to my first orgasm.

He was still licking up my juices when I gasped, "God, let me suck your big cock." He straddled my head and I took his big black cock in both hands and started licking up and down his

veiny shaft. He moaned as I took his cock into my mouth, and he buried his face in my pussy. Just when I began to come again, I felt his body stiffen.

"I'm coming, baby. Here it comes," he groaned as he pumped come down my throat. I was coming too, and clamped my legs around his head. We rested for a few minutes before he said, "We'd better be getting back to the party, darling."

When I got back, Russell was in a loud conversation with his colleagues. He was pretty drunk, so we left soon afterward. The following day he asked me if I enjoyed the party. I said, "Yes," but I didn't say any more. A few weeks passed and there was no word about Russell's promotion.

Then Russell left town on business. One night, after I had already taken a shower and was getting ready for bed, the doorbell rang. When I opened the door, there stood Owen. "Hi Cheryl. I've been thinking about you," he said. I knew what he'd been thinking about. I should have sent him away, but it had been a week since I'd had any sex, and to be honest thinking about his big cock made my pussy hot.

After a glass of wine I decided not to wait for him to make a move. I put my hand on his bulging cock. We were soon naked in my bed and he was again feasting on my pussy, his talented tongue bringing me to a powerful orgasm. His mouth never left my cunt as I had one orgasm after another. But it wasn't enough. I needed a fucking.

"God, fuck me. Let me feel that big cock in me," I said. He knelt between my legs and rubbed the head of his cock up and down my slit till it was wet with my juices. I looked between my legs and watched as he put his cock at my entrance. I could feel my cunthole expand to the limit as the head entered

me slowly. I told him to go easy on me because Russell was the only man whom I'd ever fucked. It was wonderful to watch his cock slowly fill me.

"Oh, Jesus, it's so big," I moaned as it bumped against my cervix. After a few pumps he had all of his cock in me. It felt strange to be so full at first, but that changed to complete rapture as my cunt got used to the size. I had two more orgasms before Owen said, "Oh God! Now!" and drove his cock deep into me. He jerked convulsively as his warm come spurted. I put my legs tight around his ass and pulled him as deep inside me as I could. I looked between my legs and saw that his cock was coated with white bubbles of come as it went in and out of my hole.

Russell got his promotion, and many of his coworkers wonder why he was picked. I guess I'm the only one who really knows the answer to that.

C.J.
Dallas Texas

HER CHEATING WAYS

I'm a 40-year-old lady who's worked hard to maintain a nice figure. Men are always trying to put the moves on me. Maybe they sense I'm highly sexual and horny nearly all the time.

I love my husband, but because of my high sex drive and the almost constant attention I attract from other men, I haven't been able to stay faithful to him. I tried to be true to him in the beginning; I managed it for nearly two years by fantasizing about other men when I would masturbate. Then thoughts of other men began to enter my mind when we made love.

I must admit, as guilty as I feel when I'm cheating, there's also something very erotic about it. My first infidelity was worth waiting for. Henry was very sweet and patient when he found out

that I loved my husband and had never cheated before. I work with him and have always found him to be quite handsome. I knew he wanted me by the way he's come on to me in the past. One day, he and I had to remain late at the office and I knew the inevitable would soon happen.

We were alone in the building when Henry started telling me how beautiful I am and that he always watched me. Then he took my hand and led me into the large conference room.

He began whispering how sexy I am and explained that I would be far more desirable having experienced other men than just being faithful to my husband. I was so turned on by the idea of exploring my sexuality with him that I found myself responding to his kisses.

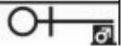
Soon his hands were under my skirt and tugging at my panties. His gentle fingers began to stroke my clit and I came while still standing. Henry felt my wetness between his slippery fingers and asked me to get undressed. It was wonderful to have a new man watch me get naked.

I blushed a little when he caught me staring at his cock. It was a magnificent thing, beautiful and hard. It looked like it could do some real damage, but I was ready for it. His penis was standing completely erect. Knowing the effect my body was having on him made my pussy wet all over again.

We stood facing each other, and Henry took a good long look at my body. His eyes roamed from my bushy mound to my rosy nipples. Then he reached out for my tits. He pushed his tongue into my mouth as he kneaded my breasts in his strong hands. I fondled his big cock with both hands, cupping his balls and stroking his shaft.

His fingers explored my stiff nipples and my bare ass. He dragged his finger





along my slick, wet slit and I knew I was ready for anything he wanted to give me. He moved me onto the leather sofa. As he lay on the cushions, I sank back onto his body, knowing my fantasy was coming true. He grasped my shoulders, then reached around to my breasts. He was ready to take me from behind.

In one swift motion he slid that giant penis of his between my legs, taking possession of my cunt. His cock surged to the moist center of my pussy and I moaned out loud to let him know how good it felt. Henry whispered in my ear what a tight pussy I have as he fucked me slowly and tenderly.

It was more erotic than I'd dreamed, to have a new man deep inside me. His fucking was so different from my husband's. His cock really stretched my tender pussy muscles. As he pumped my body, I looked down between us and watched him fucking me. My legs looked so dirty spread wide for him, straddling his hips. My cunt was totally open and available. His big, wet cock was thrusting in and out between my swollen lips. I felt so many wonderful things all at once. I felt dirty, wanted, seductive and simply amazing. Henry's cock was taking me places I'd never been before, and I liked it!

Together, we enjoyed the sweet fragrance of my love-juice, which was drenching my thighs and ass as well as his cock and balls. I felt like a complete whore when he told me what a hot pink cunt I have, how good it felt and what a great fuck I am.

I told Henry he had a bigger tool than my husband and that he was a wonderful lover. This talk turned him on even more and he soon picked up his pace. Things became more serious and the only sounds were our heavy breathing and the hard smack of his

hips up against my tender white ass-cheeks as he slammed into me.

I remember thinking that I wouldn't be the complete adulteress until this man had planted his seed in me, and those thoughts lifted me toward my climax. I began moaning like a veteran whore, just the way I do with my husband when he's in me and I'm dreaming of fucking another man.

Henry thrust faster and faster, panting and grunting as he reached his climax. "My, God you're so fucking tight. I'm coming," he shouted.

I cried, "Oh my god, I can feel you spurting in me!" When Henry filled my cunt with his hot manhood I felt like the sexiest woman alive!

That night, my husband could tell I was aroused, though he didn't know why. He screwed me hard several times and enjoyed himself so much that I didn't feel guilty about what had happened with Henry and me.

Since then I've had affairs with five different men. My husband has known about the last two of them. When he first found out, he was jealous, but I've made it clear that he's the only one I really love. He's come to accept that he has an adulterous wife, and now he finds that he gets very turned on when I share my adventures with him.

V.B.

Wheeling, West Virginia

THE HAPPIEST ENDING

A few years ago, while I was attending college in California, I met and started dating the man I eventually wound up marrying. We're sort of an odd couple. Bradley's a blond Caucasian over six feet tall, while I'm an Asian girl, barely five feet, with long black hair reaching down to my ass. Bradley was a sexually experienced man of 25, while I was still a virgin at 22.

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We'd been dating for about a week before he finally made a move on me, and he was very disappointed when I explained that I wasn't about to give up my virginity until I was married. We sat quietly as he processed what I'd just told him, but while he was sulking away, I reached over and unzipped his pants, pulled out his penis and began stroking it gently until it was hard as a rock. It was a really nice cock; smooth and thick and a good six inches long. Of course he wanted me to go down on it right then, but I told him that if he would just relax I'd give him an experience he'd truly enjoy. That was when I put my hands on him. We were sitting in his car, and I had him writhing on the car seat for 20 minutes until I let him shoot a load into my hands.

When he finally came back down to earth he said, "My God, that was the best orgasm I've ever had! You must've done that before!" I just smiled. "Most girls don't know what they're doing when they jerk a guy off," he continued. "They pull it or jerk it too hard, thinking it feels good when really you just want them to stop. How many times have you done that?"

"Thousands," I replied, truthfully.

He laughed. "No, seriously," he said.

It was then I knew that I needed to tell him all about me.

I'd come to America when I was 18, with no skills and no money. My aunt Sunny sponsored me, and when I was unable to find employment within a reasonable time, my aunt told me I'd best go to work with her.

Aunt Sunny was a masseuse at a busy establishment in a strip mall. Men of all sorts — businessmen and laborers of all ages, sizes and races — came to her place for a relaxing massage during the day; four women were kept busy taking care of them.

I was to assist Sunny as a trainee and learn the art of giving an oil rub to these men. I wasn't surprised, as a woman serving a man's needs is part of our culture.

The first client I encountered in my training was a middle-aged man who came in wearing a business suit. I helped him out of his coat, and pretty soon he was lying naked on the table with a towel over his butt. I watched Sunny rub oils over this man's body and squeeze and knead his muscles. She and I were both wearing a wrap-around garment over cotton panties, but when Sunny got on the table to apply pressure to the man's back muscles she slipped out of the dress and used her ample breasts as well as her hands to massage him.

During the massage Sunny showed me how to use my hands on the man, holding my wrists and directing them over his thighs. As we finished, Sunny asked him if he wanted a "happy ending," and he replied that he did. He rolled over on his back, and there was a sizable tent in the towel. Sunny took off my garment and sent me around to the other side of the table. Pouring oil on my hands, she took them and guided them around his uncovered penis. Then she let me stroke him unguided, while she joined in.

Our four hands moved up and down slowly around his long prick, the head of which became more sensitive with each upward glide. The whole time we were doing this, Sunny kept up a soothing banter, telling him how big and beautiful his cock was, how it was the biggest she'd ever seen, how she couldn't wait to see it explode, and how lucky his wife must be to have such a cock at her disposal. Suddenly he came with large spurts that shot high in the air, and my aunt showed

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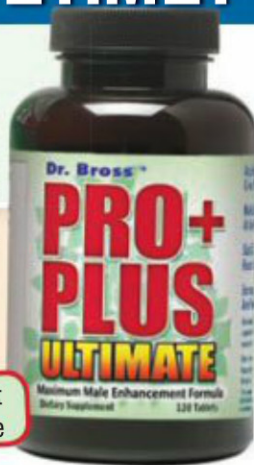


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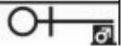
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me how to slow the pace of my stroking until we had drained all the come from his cock.

We both got a big tip before he put on his clothes and left.

I'd never seen a man come before, but before the day was over I would see it five more times. It seemed that every man who came into the massage parlor wanted to get a happy ending. My aunt showed me several ways to bring a man to climax, and I was a quick study. The object was to give the man pleasure for at least 10 minutes, keeping him hard and yet not allowing him to come until he'd had a truly pleasurable interlude.

It wasn't long before I became the main attraction at the parlor, as I was young and pretty as well as talented, and many of the clients asked for me by name. The other women were not crazy about that, but they knew I was drawing business to the massage parlor, which gave them all more work. It all worked out well and I was able to learn English and enter college, which is what I'd wanted all along.

Our clients expected certain things when they came to our establishment. I would soon strip down to a cute little thong, which showed off my small ass, and then I would rub my oiled, naked tits along the man's chest and thighs. I'd wear my hair up during the massage, held in place by a single bamboo chopstick (to really play into the stereotype these men had come to love). When I started the happy ending, I'd pull out the chopstick, and my long black hair would tumble down, bringing an audible sigh from the client on the table and making his penis stand tall. Then I'd take it in my oiled hand and slowly squeeze and stroke it, using a wide variety of grips. I must've had 15 or more techniques.

Of course many of the clients wanted to touch me while this was happening, and I had countless offers from men who wanted oral sex or asked to fuck me, but I was always in control of things. The money I was offered was sometimes insane. Once a man offered me a five-figure amount, but I turned it all down. I wasn't a prostitute; I was simply performing a service that the clients wanted and enjoyed — a totally harmless service. And quite frankly, I enjoyed it, too.

Bradley was fascinated hearing my story, but he didn't know whether to believe it or not. He couldn't imagine how someone who had played with so many cocks could still remain a virgin. In the weeks that followed he enjoyed the many delights of my manual experience, but try as he might, he got no closer to sticking his dick anywhere in me except between my hands.

Of course, now that we're married, Bradley and I enjoy a much more varied sex life, and he makes me very happy, in more ways than I can count. And while I love having conventional sex with him, there's still nothing like feeling my hands slipping up and down on a straight smooth cock or wrapped tightly around a thick-veined beauty with a large bulbous knob.

I like to work a foreskin back and forth, watching the cockhead peek out and then go back, until its mushroom head is a bright purple and it throbs in my hand as the come spurts out over the man's belly. One thing that I never shared with Bradley is that I often have a silent orgasm along with them, locking my thighs tightly and squeezing my wet pussy lips together.

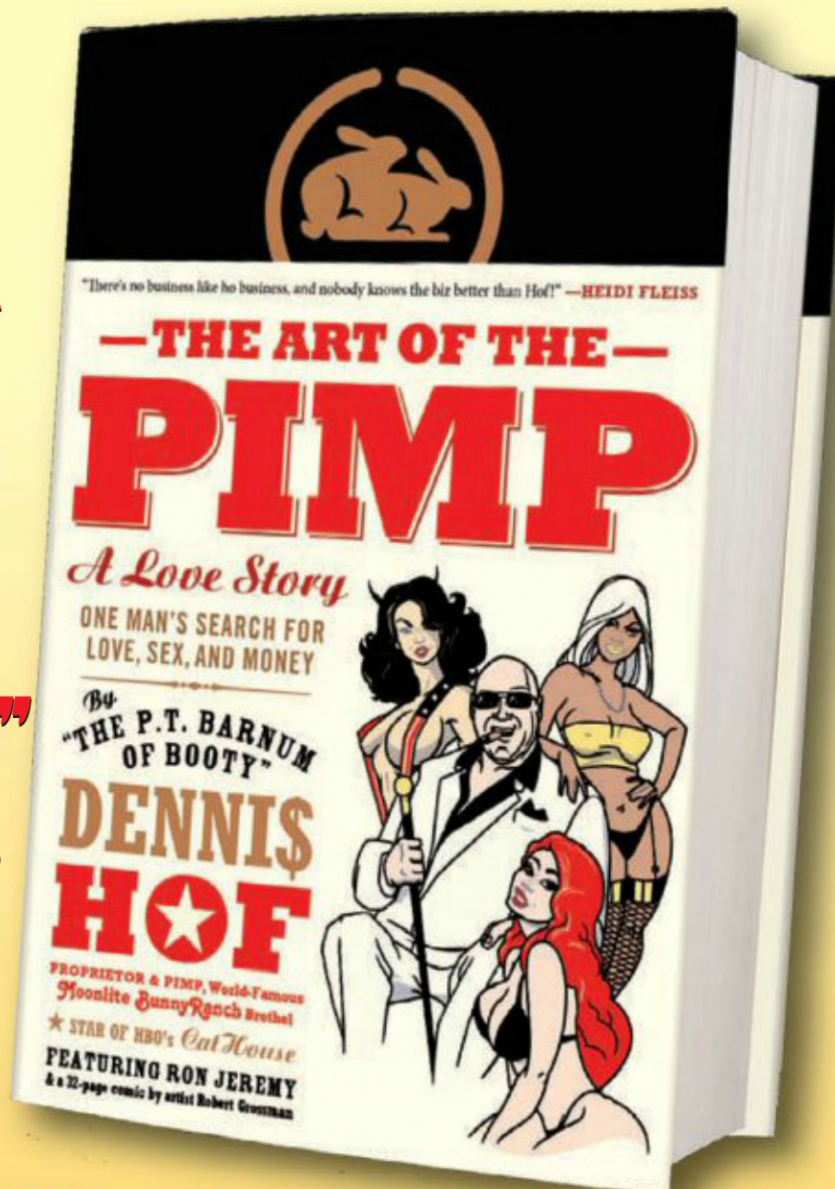
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F.I.

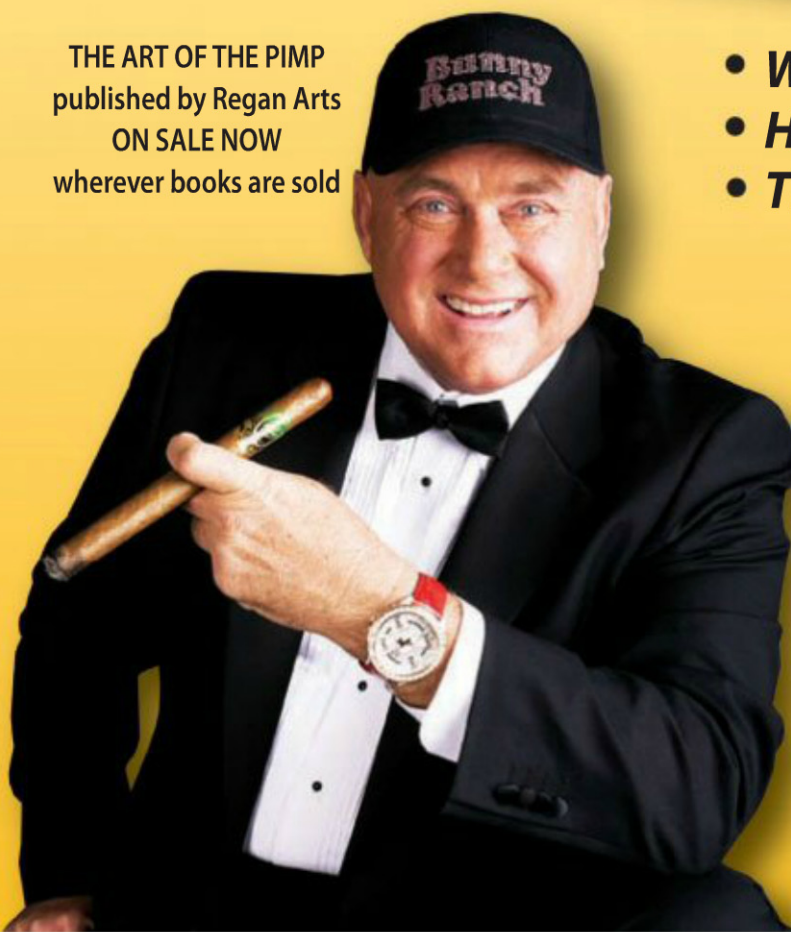
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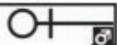
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PHONE FUCKING

I'm a Sunday school teacher and mother of four, and I've had experiences that would make your readers' limp cocks hard. My pursuit of fantasy fulfillment ignites a passion in me that I've never experienced before.

Being faithful for over a decade has been a miracle. I never thought I could go for so long without a few wild, forbidden fucks. One man who has frequently made my pussy wet, without even touching it, is my husband's closest friend, Van. He's 12 years older than I am, but still has a strong, well-toned body with a bulging cock (I saw it erect once, in his pants). Now, I have given Van some subtle hints to let him know I'm interested in him, but when my husband took a business trip, I decided it was time to really let him know I wanted something more.

I'd been reading *Penthouse Forum*, and it had made me wet and randy. I called Van up and asked point-blank if he'd like to hear my fantasies about fucking him. His voice got low, and I could almost hear his pecker get hard. Suddenly there was a knock at my door. It was my neighbor, who seemed to be in some kind of distress. I hated to seem like a tease, but I really needed to go help her. I apologized to Van but promised I'd call him back tomorrow.

My pussy was wet all the next day, and by evening I was ready to come. With my pussy juice practically soaking through my panties, I again called Van. I asked him where he was, and he said he was finishing up a project.

"Let's go to the bedroom," I purred. "I've fucked and sucked you there in my mind at least a thousand times." I asked him to unbutton his shirt and pretend my long fingernails were rubbing through his thicket of chest hair. In bed with the phone, I rubbed my

nipples along my sheets, turning them from sweet pink to ruby red. My pussy was a volcano about to explode.

"I really want you to fuck me, Van. I've got my fingers in my cunt, masturbating, and I'm thinking about your cock. Tell me what your cock's like right now." He'd taken it out of his pants and was stroking it hard.

"Will you do something for me, Van?" I asked. "Lick your thumb and put it on the top of your hard-on. Rub it gently. Imagine my tongue on your dick. Tell you how I'm going to suck you until you come in my mouth."

After 20 minutes of hot talk we'd both come; me twice. A few days later he became more confident, and he called me. He asked me to get a dildo and take it up my ass, then my twat. As we shared our fantasies, I fucked myself with the dildo and he stroked his cock. My pussy exploded while I cried his name, begging him to come, which he did with a desperate moan.

Those were just the first of many phone calls. As I write this I wonder if we'll go any further. Some people will read this and consider me a cheater even though I've never consummated anything with Van — physically, at least. Others will read this and think I've done nothing wrong. All I know is that I've never felt more satisfied than when I hang up that phone after one of our calls and I'm lying there in a puddle of my own juices.

J.P.

Denver, Colorado

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

I'm a 24-year-old female with long blonde hair and a medium build. I'm five feet seven with a nice round butt and long legs. I'm an assistant to a bank manager, and I'm happy in my job, which is satisfying and pays well.

My boss William is married with two kids, and he's a devoted family man. He's quite good looking, and stays in shape with daily exercise.

Last New Year's Eve, William and his wife were throwing their annual party for their friends and some fellow executives. But at the last minute William's wife was called out of town for a family emergency, and William called me, begging me to act as his hostess.

"All you have to do is look pretty, greet guests and dance with me," he quipped. He even offered me a bonus of a thousand dollars if I helped him out. I couldn't resist that, so I quickly cancelled my plans with my boyfriend, much to his chagrin, and showed up at William's extravagant house.

I wore a red sequined party dress with an extremely low-cut neckline that showed a not inconsiderable portion of my breasts. Underneath it I wore black stockings with lace tops and black nylon panties. I also wore sexy heels to complete the outfit.

William smiled approvingly when I arrived. The dress was an instant hit and drew lots of attention throughout the night. I was plied with alcohol and kept busy dancing with one man or another all night long. More than once throughout the night I'd feel my partner's hand on my shapely butt or coping a feel of my half-naked bosom.

I danced with William several times, and each time he held me very tightly. I began to be aroused by his closeness, especially when I'd feel his erection rub against me, further turning me on.

Some time after midnight the party began breaking up and people started to drift home. Eventually there was just myself, William, two of his male colleagues, and a couple named Polly and Bruce whom he has been friends with for several years.

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As we sat around talking about what a success the party had been, Polly, who had been drinking a great deal, suddenly passed out on the sofa. Bruce asked William if they could stay at his place until his wife was more fit to make the trip home. William said yes, and he and Bruce carried Polly to the spare bedroom.

While they were gone William's two colleagues, Dylan and Kyle, continued talking with me, even flirting a little bit. At one point Kyle asked me to dance with him one last time, and Dylan put some soft music on the stereo. Kyle held me close and, as with William earlier, I soon felt his hardness pressing up against me. I put my arms around his shoulders as his hands slowly traveled down my bare back to my butt. I was already becoming turned on, and the feeling of his hands fondling my ass made me even more so.

Soon I became aware that Dylan had moved behind me and was slowly dancing against me from the back, while running his hands up my front to cup my breasts through my dress. It was all so very erotic that I forgot all about my boyfriend, let alone the fact that my boss was in another room and would probably be back at any minute. I felt hands slipping through the slits of my dress to fondle and caress my lacy stocking tops and my smooth upper thighs. The hands slid over my ass then moved around to my front, searching out the crotch of my panties.

After rubbing me through the fabric, those fingers snuck under the elastic band and began probing my wet pussy before sliding deeply inside me, causing me to moan. I was in total ecstasy and didn't protest a bit when the zipper of my dress was lowered and the sequined fabric slid down my body to the floor, leaving me in nothing but my

black nylon panties, black thigh-high stockings and heels.

Together Kyle and Dylan slowly slid my panties down, and I stepped out of them. Their hands went over my body, making me moan, and Kyle was soon feasting on my full breasts while Dylan dropped to his knees to kiss and lick my soft, smooth ass. His fingers also probed my pussy, and I spread my feet slightly to give him easier access.

Kyle took my hand in his and placed it on his stiff, naked cock. I hadn't even been aware that he'd taken it out, but I didn't even care. He felt large, hard and warm as I slid my hand back and forth along his shaft. Meanwhile Dylan was planting light kisses all over my ass while his tongue worked its magic on my aroused flesh. When his fingers probed at my asshole, I jumped a little.

"Just relax and enjoy it," Kyle said as they lowered me to the floor, and I spread my legs for them without even being told as their hands continued to roam my body.

Kyle maneuvered himself in between my legs, and I felt his large cockhead rubbing against my pussy lips as he got ready to enter me. Slowly he slid into me, and we both let out low moans as he slid inside. His cock filled me up, and it felt wonderful — very different from my boyfriend, who often seems to care only about his own pleasure when we have sex. As Kyle began thrusting, Dylan offered his cock to my mouth. I was so excited I gladly took it in.

Kyle had my knees pushed wide and high for deep penetration, and the two of them fucked me in what seemed like a coordinated rhythm, until I came with a shout. Kyle came with a growl soon afterward, and I felt several hard spurts shoot inside me. Upon seeing his friend climax, Dylan shot too, splattering my face and chest with his jism.

As we caught our breath, I heard William's voice say, "Well done! That was so hot that I want some, too."

I was shocked but I quickly calmed down when William dropped his pants and took Kyle's place between my legs. As he fucked me I saw Bruce, Polly's husband, standing there stroking himself, apparently waiting his turn. William brought me to another climax, and after he gave me his load Bruce took his place. I was crazy with lust by that time, and I would have fucked just about anybody. Afterward William and Bruce carried me up to William's bedroom, where I fell fast asleep.

When I woke up the next morning I discovered that I had fluid leaking from both my holes. My body felt a little bit sore, but not in a bad way. It was a wonderfully dirty evening and I probably enjoyed myself more than I should have. But I had no regrets about it at all. I grabbed my things to head home.

When I made my way downstairs, William had breakfast ready. He told me how well I'd done and thanked me for being his hostess. He then handed me a sealed white envelope and told me not to open it till I got home. When I did, I found \$3000 in cold, hard cash inside. It took my breath away, but the fact is that I'd had so much fun that I'd have done it for nothing.

William acts as though nothing ever happened that night, and I haven't had any more intimate moments with him. But I'm always ready whenever he is, and I think he knows it.

W.E.

Danbury, Connecticut

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I'm 66 years old, and I've had an active sex life until I reached 60. Recently, sex has been considerably less frequent, but my sexual appetite remains strong.

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Nonetheless, all these years after my first sexual encounter I finally had the best sex of my life. It all started out as an innocent weekend trip. My granddaughter and her two friends wanted to go to the lake where I've had a cabin for many years. To my surprise, they asked me to come along.

We left late on a Friday morning and arrived around three o'clock. After we ate dinner the girls wanted to go into the small town to do some shopping then to check out the bar scene. They left and got to the local bar around seven o'clock. I decided to settle in to catch up on some reading, since I'd be alone for the night.

I'd been reading for quite a spell when I noticed that one of the girls had come back early. It was Tabitha. She's 22 years old and goes to college with my granddaughter. I noticed that she'd been drinking, because her eyes were red and she smelled like a brewery. I asked where the others were. She said they'd met a couple of local boys and were going to stay out for a while longer. She sat down and kind of giggled at how quaint it was that I was sitting alone on a Friday night just so I could read the paper. She thought I should have gone out for some fun. I laughed.

"Tabitha, I've done more things in my life than any two men could even dream of doing," I told her.

She giggled at the thought of that, and then said she was going to get ready for bed. She left the room and went into the bathroom. When she came out, she had on a nightgown, and had a bottle of lotion in her hand. She asked if I would mind rubbing some on her back.

I grew very excited as she handed me the bottle of lotion and sprawled out on the sofa where my wife and I had so often made passionate love. I

started rubbing her shoulders with the lotion, and she said it felt great. I started working my way down her back, firmly massaging her beautiful, young skin. I almost had my second heart attack when that young strumpet suggested that she remove her nightgown, since it was getting in the way and making her uncomfortable.

She quickly stood up and turned to remove it so I wouldn't see her young body. She immediately returned to the couch and got on her stomach, with her bare back facing me and just her panties remaining. Was this happening? Had I died and gone to heaven, I wondered. What a beautiful young lady she was, with blonde hair and a great body. I squirted more lotion on my hand and spread it over her back. Occasionally I'd let my hands roam to within an inch or so of her ass; I could feel the blood pumping into my cock as it slowly came to life.

When I was done with her back she turned slightly, enough that I caught a glimpse of her breast. Then she said, in a kind of drunken voice, that her ass was kind of sore from driving all day and if I wouldn't mind . . . With that she removed her panties, and I rubbed some more lotion on her ass. I couldn't believe it! Her ass was so very lovely and soft! I squeezed and kneaded her ass with great passion.

Soon enough she was practically on fire, squirming with every move of my hands as I slowly worked my way to her pussy. Her reaction was to squirm more and more with my every touch. I was soon sticking two fingers into her twat. She'd obviously never had a real man give it to her, because it didn't take very long for this sweet little thing to reach an orgasm.

But then my cock was aching for some release. As if reading my mind,

she turned over and undid my zipper and released my prong. She immediately started to engulf the head and shaft. I could tell she was still fairly new at that and she'd probably never had a real man's penis in her mouth before. We're talking 66 years of manhood here! I simply couldn't believe that this was happening.

I watched her glorious blonde hair swaying as her head bobbed up and down. Not that I was getting bored with the head, but an opportunity like this one would probably never return, so with all my strength I tried not to come, but it was so fucking fabulous, so strange and beautiful, that I couldn't resist her painted red lips doing a number on my shiny shaft.

I signaled to her, warning that I was about to come, but she chose to ignore it. It was as if she was determined to take in my entire hot load. And if that was what she wanted, I was ready to give it to her. I was shooting my jism down her lovely throat in no time. It had been so long since I'd come off that there was too much for Tabitha to take; she released me from her sweet mouth and the last drops of my jism settled in her beautiful hair. With that we were both out of breath.

I apologized about the mess, and handed her some tissues that were close by. She remained speechless. I thought she was angry, but she stood up with dots of my semen in her long locks and flashed me a smile.

Her lipstick was smeared, but she still looked really good. She smiled sweetly, patted my flushed face, kissed me on the cheek and wished me a good night. I watched her walk away to her room, my limp pecker oozing out the last of my come.

I often think about that night with Tabitha and have had many happy jerk-

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off sessions, thanks to her. Thank you, Tabitha, wherever you are!

H.G.
Baltimore, Maryland

VIVA LA FRENCH!

I'm a 22-year-old housewife who has finally lived out her most elusive fantasy. About a year after getting married I became very bored with just staying at home, so I decided to get a job. I went to work for an interior decorator whom I'll call Claudette. We became good friends right away. Claudette, who's very attractive, was going out with a handsome Frenchman named Pierre, who ran a topless bar.

More often than not, after she had gone out with him she'd give me all the details of what they'd done together. I had always been attracted to Frenchmen — and unfortunately I've never had one — so naturally after speaking with Claudette I would find myself fantasizing more and more about a French lover. Even when I made love with my husband, I would find myself closing my eyes and imagining that it was Pierre kissing me.

One night Claudette asked if I'd like to go out with her. Julian, my husband, was working all night, so I said sure. Claudette and I went to her place to get ready. We're the same size, so she lent me some of her clothes to wear: these really snug-fitting white pants and a very sheer light blue blouse. At Claudette's suggestion I went without a bra, and my very dark nipples were clearly visible through the material. We had several drinks at Claudette's, and then went over to Pierre's bar. I'd never been in a nudie bar before, so you can imagine how surprised I was to see all those naked women.

Most of the men there were alone, and Pierre introduced me to several of

them. One man named Franc was very handsome, and I could tell he was attracted to me by the way he looked at me. Several of the dancers seemed put off that Franc was talking to me. Later on, in the ladies' room, Claudette told me that Franc had quite a reputation as a lover.

Claudette and I were both pretty loaded when the bar finally closed. Franc invited both of us, along with Pierre, over to his apartment for drinks. When we got there Franc put on some X-rated films. He and I sat on the couch while Claudette and Pierre lay on the floor. The films were very explicit, and quite a turn-on. Claudette and Pierre really began getting it on. I saw Claudette unzip Pierre's pants and begin licking and sucking his large cock.

I felt myself getting wet and I offered no resistance to Franc when he slipped his hand into my blouse. As he tweaked my nipples I soon found myself fumbling around with his pants. I was quite excited. His cock was even larger than Pierre's was. I went down on him and he tasted delicious. I gradually took more and more of him, until the head of that enormous cock was at the back of my throat.

He began thrusting his hips, making his cock go even deeper into my throat. "Suck harder," he said, and I did, until I was about choking. I've never taken a cock so far into my mouth, let alone my throat. I've only seen it in pornos and I give those girls a ton of credit. I was acting like a porn star myself!

Suddenly he pulled me by my hair off of his dick. He started to undress me and told me to do the same to him. We were there making love on the couch when Pierre came over and placed his cock in my face. Franc said it was okay, so I began sucking Pierre off. Claudette was upset, but I was far too



excited to care. Franc's cock felt so wonderful inside me. I must have had more orgasms in one session with him than in my entire marriage.

After a while I got on all fours while Pierre and Franc took turns fucking me from behind. Claudette then spread her legs and asked me to lick her come-soaked pussy. I was so wild by that time I didn't care what — or who — I did. I buried my face in her cunt and practically ate her alive.

Pierre and Franc kept up their tandem fucking, and I didn't know anymore who was doing what to me at any given time. I didn't really care, either, until at one point whoever it was decided to switch holes. I felt a big hard cock leaving my pussy and moving up to probe between my buttocks, where it rested against my asshole. Not even my husband had ever fucked me in the ass before. I didn't know if I could take it, but at that point my lust overcame any reservations I might have had. I raised my head from Claudette's pussy and pushed myself back against the probing tool. "Oh, yes!" I shamelessly cried. "Yes! Fuck that ass! Stick that thing up my asshole, please!"

"I love a lady who knows what she wants," came Franc's voice. So it was he who would be my first anal fuck. This was confirmed when Pierre moved around into my field of vision, his dick sticking up like a telephone pole. I tried to reach him with my mouth, but Claudette was faster. She scrambled away from me and pulled Pierre down on top of her, crying out with joy as his huge prong sank with one stroke into her slobbering pussy.

Franc was pulling my ass cheeks apart. "This is one tight ass," he said. "You sure you want me up there?"

"Yes, I do!" I moaned breathlessly. "Yes I do, I want it! I want it, please!"

"We've gotta lube it up a little first," Franc said. I felt his fingers sliding into my pussy, collecting my freely flowing cunt juice, which he then spread on my asshole, pulling his cock away to do it. I pushed back again, trying to find him.

"Relax, you sweet thing. You'll get it soon enough," Franc said. One of his fingers wormed itself a little way into my asshole, juicing it up. I groaned with pleasure, my asshole clenching to keep the finger in there. But it went away, and then his cock was there again, this time pushing slowly inside my tight passage.

I groaned and panted as, bit by slow bit, Franc's big tool slid into me. His hands stroked my sides and my dangling breasts as he told me to relax my sphincter. I did my best, and his cock moved in a little further. The sensation was indescribable. Amazingly, I felt no pain, just wonderful pressure, a beautiful sensation of being filled, as I never had been before. I pushed back, wanting more, wanting it all. He must have had about half of it inside me when he started moving back and forth with short, rhythmic strokes.

I just about went fucking crazy. I began to yell with pleasure, and in a moment I had climaxed almost without warning. My orgasm seemed to open my asshole even more, and Franc's prick slid inside me almost to the hilt. He fucked me more strongly then, and soon I was coming again.

Pierre and Claudette had finished fucking, and Claudette was licking his cock clean. Pierre then moved over to kiss me on the mouth as Franc went on fucking my ass. I jammed my tongue down his throat, moaning.

"Oh man," Pierre said when we broke off our kiss. "If I get it up again tonight, I want to try that asshole, too. What do you say, baby?"

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"Yes," I groaned out. "Yes! Oh dear God, yes!" And then I came again. I don't know how many more climaxes I had before Franc shot his come into my deflowered ass.

Since that night, Claudette and I see Franc and Pierre at least twice a week, and if anything, my sex life with my husband is better for it. So my advice is, if you have a fantasy, go for it!

L.O.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

EARNING HIS STRIPES

I'm a Sergeant in the U.S. Army, stationed overseas. I'm in my mid-twenties and I have a very strong sex drive. The women over here are really fucking beautiful and ready for American cock. I've had more than my share of these ladies without speaking a word of their language. Some of the soldiers have had relationships with other soldiers, and I've had a go at enjoying sexual romps with some of my female counterparts. But one absolute taboo for an enlisted man is fucking a female officer. This is about breaking that taboo.

Last month a group from my office got together for a night out. It was the middle of the week, so I didn't really expect anything exciting to happen. Our female captain joined us and before long she was slamming down all the drinks we put in front of her. I think she knew we were trying to get her drunk, but she went along with it.

Out of uniform she looked great: a brunette with blue eyes, nice tits and ass. She looked younger than her 37 years. After a couple of drinks, I forgot about the rules and started talking to her. Soon, we were dancing and she was pressing her body against mine in a way that told me anything was possible that night. She even kissed me on the way off the dance floor.

My commander gave me a high five and said, "Go for it!" Just a few minutes later, she told me it was time to take her home, so we left. On the way to her apartment she gave me all the right signals. I knew that that night was going to be memorable.

At her apartment, she lit some candles, put on some music, took off her clothes and said, "Are we going to fuck, or what?" I was out of my clothes in an instant. She was like an animal, sucking my cock into her hot mouth as soon as I joined her in bed.

In minutes she had my cock deep inside her as she clung tight to my back. She was quite aggressive, kissing and making out like we were long-time lovers. I found her cunt tight and dripping wet. I never fucked a woman who got so wet so quickly. I fucked her hard before shooting my come into her hot pussy. After we'd finished I could tell she'd gotten what she wanted from me and wanted me to go. I wasn't sure who had seduced whom, but I know we both got what we wanted.

Now, every day at work, I sit at my desk and watch this good-looking brunette captain, all the time remembering that I nailed her good.

Name and address withheld

A NIGHT FOR HER PLEASURE

My wife and our friend Nicky have had a sexual relationship for a couple of years, with my approval. They usually get together after work, and afterward Lana tells me about her fuck date.

Nicky usually calls before he comes. To give them privacy, I sleep in the bedroom down the hall. I hear them talk, moan, laugh. I get so aroused that I come with little effort. It usually gets quiet when they start making love but it never stays that way for long. They get really into it.

My favorite sight is Lana escorting Nicky out in only a T-shirt. They giggle and flirt, even though they just finished fucking. She looks so damn sexy seeing her lover off. Then I usually get sloppy seconds. I'm horny as hell by the time he leaves, having listened to their sexplay. Lana's hair is all mussed up and she has a dazed look in her eyes. She takes me by the hand and leads me back to the bed they just fucked in. She lies down, spreads her legs and orders me to suck his come out of her pussy. I'm on her in a flash, devouring her sore, wet pussy. I love our routine but I really wouldn't mind trying something new, either.

Lana recently mentioned a fantasy of hers, and I got to work on it without her knowledge. One day when Nicky was in town I asked him to lunch. I asked how things were with Lana, and he said that they were really good. He asked if things were okay with Lana and me as well. I told him that they were wonderful and then went on to let him in on my plan.

He was excited by the idea of making her fantasy come true. So when I told him the details he was in. I left him with the instructions as to his role in this fantasy-come-to-life surprise for Lana and told him I'd see him soon.

On the day it was to happen, I told Lana I had a special night planned but wouldn't say more. I said, "You'll find out as the night unfolds." She showered, shaved her legs and pussy, and was sitting on our bed putting lotion on her legs when I joined her, after sending Nicky a text as his cue.

I lit scented candles and put on some soft music, then turned the lights off. I then fondled her naked body. "God, you're beautiful," I said. She smiled but didn't respond otherwise. I eased her back onto the bed, saying I wanted to

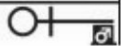
apply lotion but first had to blindfold her. She objected, but I said it was all part of the special night. She agreed with a sly smile, realizing where this was going. It was her fantasy, after all!

She was on her back, naked. With the massage oil I'd brought, I started to massage her legs. She was so relaxed; she enjoyed every second. After doing this for a few minutes, I heard the faint squeak of the front door, which I'd left unlocked for Nicky. I was kissing Lana when he slipped in the room naked, as per our plan. He glanced at Lana lying blindfolded and naked and smiled. I saw his big dick coming to life.

While he applied lotion to his hands, I went to the foot of the bed and massaged her feet. She really loves that. She moaned softly and said, "Harder." Then Nicky went to work on her legs, and the extra hands startled her. Then she grinned. With the music, the scent of the candles and four hands massaging her, she was having a lovely time.

While I kept working on her feet, Nicky was all over her, rubbing her stomach, chest, shoulders and finally her breasts. His erection was getting in the way (he adjusted his position every few minutes), and he had a hard time controlling himself. He focused on her abdomen, and then worked down to her crotch. She spread her legs to give him room. He rubbed her and fingered her pussy without even looking to me for permission. I respected that!

When Lana started to breathe hard, I knew she was coming. It felt like she came for a minute straight. Before we could say or do anything, she got on her stomach. Nicky worked on her back, with eagerness and some sexual frustration. I knew he wanted to put his big penis in her, but he also wanted to make sure she had enough massage. The rule was: It's all about Lana.



While I worked on her legs, Nicky started on her upper back, working down to her hot ass. After a while he lifted her hair off the back of her neck and kissed her, knowing she loves that. She moaned. He got on top of her. I got out of the way, sat on a chair in the corner and started stroking my penis. He worked his penis into her vagina, which I could never do in that position, as I'm not long enough, but I know she loves fucking like that.

Her moans grew louder. Their bodies glowed in the candlelight. There was joy on her blindfolded face. Nicky, on top of her, pumped slowly. They were beautiful together. After a few minutes Lana stopped Nicky turned her onto her back and spread her legs. She clearly knew who was fucking her. As Nicky reentered her, I stroked my penis faster until I couldn't hold it anymore and had myself a roaring climax. He fucked her until she climaxed, and then he came inside her.

Lying there in the candlelight, my wife looked positively radiant and sexually content. Nicky leaned over kissed her softly as I watched from the chair. Lana kissed him back and said, "Thanks for the massage, it was magical."

P.I.

Honolulu, Hawaii

GIVING HIM WHAT HE WANTS

I still can't believe this! My husband has always had an active imagination, like a lot of other guys. His biggest fantasy is for me to fuck another man. He wanted a threesome, but I wasn't going to do it. He decided it would be all right for me to have an affair if I told him all the details. I've been stringing him along on this one. It drives him crazy. But between you and me, I'm a one-man woman. I've had 10 different guys in my life, but only one at a time.

Several months ago we visited a town where we used to live, and I decided to visit my chiropractor, whom I used to see on a regular basis. I always called him Bones. I should tell you now that when my husband asked me to fantasize about another man, it would always be about him.

Bones is a tall, good-looking hunk, and 10 years my junior. When we first met a decade ago, he said, "Too bad you're married. I think we would've been good together."

He hadn't seen me for a long time and said right away he missed our visits and he missed me. I'm a good-looking petite brunette. I'm a snappy dresser and I take good care of myself. As usual, he started off with a gentle, sensual massage. This one seemed more urgent and longer than usual. The snap-crackle-pop was great, as always! Then, to my surprise, he massaged me again. When he finally had to stop for his next appointment, he asked if I could come back in an hour. He wanted to have lunch with me. Great!

Lunch was fun but it was also way too short, as far as I was concerned. We talked and joked and teased, and brought each other up to date on our lives. I felt great. He could only stay for an hour, but he made me feel important, sexy and needed. He asked if I could meet him for a drink after work. I called my husband, and he said, "Fine, but just be careful."

We went to dinner at a great spot. We shared a bottle of wine and nibbled on appetizers. It was obvious we were enjoying each other's company. The evening melted away as we got to know each other again. We talked about our families, our interests, our work and, of course, sex.

It's funny how you can relay your sexual desires to some people. Occa-

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sionally we would catch each other's eyes and hold the gaze for a while. He finally asked if I would like to come to his house and "see the new digs." I've known Bones for many years now, and so going to his home was no big deal, certainly no threat.

At his house he opened up another bottle of wine, and we sat close on the couch and talked. If I had too much wine, I certainly didn't feel it. But suddenly, and without due cause, I kissed him. I started to pull away, embarrassed, but he didn't let me; he pulled me back and lifted my chin. We kissed again, gently. He looked into my eyes and told me he loved the way I taste. And then, ever so gently, he touched my breast with his fingers.

I could feel his urgency, and I didn't stop him. My head was thrown back in ecstasy. His lips replaced his fingers on my small breasts, kissing me through my shirt. It was a different feeling and one I found myself liking.

He told me that he'd dreamed of tasting my juices. I didn't say anything. His lips left my breasts and he slowly slid down to my thighs, kissing all the way. I felt him place his lips between my thighs, and I felt his fingers gently brush then feel my bush.

My dress came up and he slowly started to pull my panties down, ever so slowly like he was expecting me to stop him. In a singsong voice, I said, "What are you doing?"

"I want to taste you," he said in a voice thick with desire. I felt his mouth playing with my sweet spot, knowing full well that I'd soon feel his mouth, his lips, his tongue, in my snatch. That happened very quickly, and then I felt him gently trying to push my legs apart. I held them tightly together.

I opened my legs just enough to let his tongue inside and taste me. After

only a few seconds he stopped. Still nestled between my legs, he slowly began to kiss and nibble playfully back up to my breasts, then my face. Then he really kissed me deeply, and I kissed him back.

I could smell and taste myself on his lips and tongue. I was glad I did it! But just then there was a knock on the door. I was brought back down to earth. All I had to do was pull down my dress to be presentable, and we opened the door together.

How the fuck did my husband know where I was and how to get here? He had to have followed us.

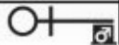
My husband took one look at us and asked, "What's going on here?" I know we both looked guilty. Now here is the problem: Yes, I had played out this fantasy before, but in my own bed and with my own husband. A fantasy is something you dream about, yet maybe don't really want to have happen. But I had toyed with fire while we both were a little drunk.

I wanted Bones to want me, but I didn't want to cheat on my husband! I had voluntarily let Bones go a little too far, thinking I could control the situation. Suddenly there I was, staring into my husband's face, when Bones's face had just been buried between my legs. What could I tell him?

You guessed it. I said, "I told Bones about your fantasy of seeing someone else fuck your wife. Well, this is your lucky day! Do you still want to do it?"

Bones started to say something, but I grabbed him hard by the hand, and looked seductively into his eyes. My husband stared at me, trying to come to grips with his emotions.

I started taking off my blouse before either my husband or Bones could say another word. I had to do something; I couldn't just stand there. As my blouse



came off my husband turned and left the room, slamming the door behind him. I completely undressed and Bones undressed too. We stood nude in front of each other. This time it was not going to be lust or romance. I was going to be acting out a fantasy for my husband. So I kissed Bones and pushed him down onto the couch.

Bones told me to help get him ready. When I heard that my husband was coming back, I opened my mouth and let Bones's cock slip in. It took him only seconds to get hard, and then he wanted to mount me. When the door started to open I allowed his penis into my body. The electricity struck when I looked up and saw my husband staring at Bones's penis going into me.

I spread my legs wide, allowing him all the way in. Bones noticed my husband and hesitated. I told him, "Don't you stop, just keep fucking me!" Then Bones turned to the side and pulled up my leg so that my husband could see another man's shaft disappearing into his wife's wet, hairy pussy. He could see the Bones's shaft slowly going in and out, a sight only a dirty old man could love!

My husband bent down to look into my eyes. Bones told him to undress and join us, but my husband never said a word. He just kept looking into my eyes and gently kissed me on the lips. Bones continued to slowly move his penis in and out of me.

At that point, my husband reached down and put his hand between us on my soaking cunt, with his fingers lightly holding Bones's shaft with two fingers. God, what a feeling! With his hand nestled between our genitals, he could not only smell and see his wife being fucked, he could literally feel our fucking bodies. My husband can be a strange man!

With a gasp, then a long scream, Bones ejaculated into me. My husband said nothing, he just kept kissing me, his wide eyes staring deeply into mine. Bones got up, dressed and left, leaving us in the room alone.

My husband sure is lucky he has some other redeeming qualities! I certainly wouldn't do that for anybody else. He loves to talk about it. I'm sure he wonders if we'll ever do it again. If I do, I will write again.

Meanwhile I feel guilty that I didn't tell him the first part of the story. I was scared that night, but in the light of day, I knew he would love it. So my present to him will be my story. Boy oh boy, my husband sure is one lucky man, isn't he?

G.D.

Nashville, Tennessee

CLEANING UP

I'm a 42-year-old woman with three kids, and I thought I was happily married until something just amazing happened to me.

Since times are tight, several months ago I took a part-time cleaning job to help make ends meet. I was hired by a man in his late twenties named Drake, who gave me a key to his house so I could come in and clean a few times a week while he's away at work.

All went well during the first three weeks that I was there. Then one day I found several porn magazines spread around in the living room. I overlooked it the first time, but then it began happening pretty frequently. So one day I left him a note politely asking him not to leave them lying around, since I had no interest in such things.

Amazingly, the next time I was there I found the magazines again. I picked them up and began cleaning, and then I heard a sound from upstairs. No one

was supposed to be there, so I went upstairs to investigate. When I peeked into Drake's bedroom, there he was, lying naked on his bed. In one hand he was holding a porn mag and in the other was the largest penis I had ever seen. I was stunned. My husband's member was about six inches, and this one looked to be two inches longer. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I must admit that I got aroused very quickly.

Suddenly Drake turned and saw me. I quickly started to leave, but he called me back. I couldn't look him in the eye. I was extremely embarrassed, but he wasn't. He kept on stroking his large hard shaft as he asked me how long I'd been standing there. I was so stunned that I couldn't answer.

"Oh, come on, Delia, don't act so shocked," Drake said. "You've seen a penis before. You like it, don't you?"

Still unable to look him in the eye, I just nodded.

"Why don't you get undressed and join me?" Drake said. "You know you want to."

"No, I can't do that. I'm married," I managed to say.

"Yeah, bullshit," he said arrogantly. "Come on, I'll make sure it's worth your while."

I wasn't sure what he meant by that, but by that time my arousal was overtaking my inhibitions. My hesitation gave way, and I slowly unbuttoned my blouse. I'd never done anything ever remotely similar to that before in my life, ever. Self-consciously I undressed down to my bra and panties and just stood there, trembling.

"What about the rest?" he asked. When I didn't answer him, he took my hand and pulled me close. I didn't try to stop him as he undid my bra and released my breasts. He then started kissing and nibbling my nipples.



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"What nice big tits!" he exclaimed around a mouthful of breast flesh.

My nipples were hard and stiff as he now worked his way to my damp panties. With one big tug he pulled them down, exposing my cunt. There I was, a happily married woman, almost 20 years older than this man, totally naked for his personal pleasure.

He pulled me to him and pressed his erection up against my thigh as his fingers searched between my legs. I gasped, and he laughed as he felt my wetness. "Who's a naughty bitch?" he asked teasingly.

"Oh, I am," I moaned.

Drake was now shoving two fingers in and out of my vagina. By this time I was so horny that I wanted to be fucked in the worst way. It had been two months since my husband had touched me, and I was desperate now.

He continued to finger me, as he looked straight into my eyes. "Don't you want to fuck, Delia?" he teased.

"Yes," I said helplessly.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, I want to fuck."

Suddenly he grabbed me and threw me down onto the bed, then quickly pushed my legs apart and got between them. In less than a second he was slamming his prick inside me, and I started screaming as though I'd been deflowered all over again.

He fucked me harder than I'd ever been fucked before. His bed slammed into the wall, and I wailed and cried out with each hard thrust. I had never liked it so rough before, but now I did. I wanted it as hard and fast as he could give it to me. He pounded me relentlessly, and even pushed my legs up to my chest to open me completely for him. I came over and over before I even realized that he wasn't wearing a condom.

"Are you going to come inside me?" I panted.

"Hell yes, I am," he said. "I'm going to fill your pussy with come, and you're going to take it all!" Then he groaned and I felt spurt after spurt of his sperm shooting inside me. It felt warm inside me, and I felt some of it running back out when he pulled away.

I lay there panting for several minutes before I could move. Finally I got up and got dressed, and then in a kind of daze I went on with my cleaning, all the while feeling his sperm slickening my inner thighs. Before he left Drake asked me to stop by the next day, which was my day off. I told him I'd try, but that I wasn't sure. But all that night Drake was all I could think about, and in the morning I knew I would go back. My husband would be at work anyway, so I figured he'd never know.

When I got there Drake was waiting for me on the couch, wearing a silk robe. I stammered out that I was sorry about the previous day, but it couldn't happen again. Drake just smiled and started to fondle my large breasts. I didn't stop him.

"Oh, come on, Delia, you know you want it, don't you?" he said. He then took my trembling hand and put it on his crotch. I felt his dick twitch and harden in my grasp. He took the huge thing out and said, "Suck it."

My mouth was already watering. With a moan I got on my knees and did as he said, giving him a blowjob such as I'd never given my husband.

That day Drake fucked me relentlessly and I couldn't get enough. I was practically walking with a limp when I left late that afternoon.

To make a long story short, over time Drake converted me into a total nympho. He could do anything he wanted with me, and we both knew it.

Two weeks after he first fucked me, I found him waiting for me with a coworker of his, and the two of them took turns having sex with me over a three-hour period. Then a month after that he had a party, at which there were three of his friends, with me the only woman. I was fucked totally non-stop for most of the night, every hole I had filled with spunk over and over.

When I finally got home I was covered with dried sperm and love bites, and my pussy and ass were sore and swollen. I could no longer hide my activity from my husband, but by then I no longer cared.

My husband went absolutely crazy when he saw my fucked-out state that night. We had a big fight, and he moved out. I now live with Drake, and I fuck him and his friends whenever they want. I know Drake has other women too, but I don't mind. I've never been so satisfied. He's an amazing lover, and I hope it lasts forever.

D.V.

Tempe, Arizona

ONLINE AND IN BED

I'm 54 years old and happily married for 30 years to a wonderful lady, but I've always fantasized about having a secret affair.

Two years ago we moved to California from a small suburban town on the East Coast, and since we were now away from family, and near a big city, I thought this might be my opportunity to explore a sexual adventure. I placed an ad with an internet dating service, and somewhat to my surprise I received a promising reply almost immediately.

Her name was Jeanette. We chatted online a few times, until we finally agreed to meet in a hotel. First, however, we had cybersex, during which we described to each other exactly

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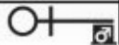
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what we wanted to get out of our first encounter. What an incredibly hot way to start off an affair!

Jeanette was 42 years old and also happily married, but like me she was looking for a sexual adventure. She told me she had a demanding job with a large international company, and her position required that she spend a lot of time telling people what to do, so she was looking for a man who could take charge.

As you can imagine, since this was my first affair, I was a little nervous as I checked into the hotel. But as soon as Jeanette showed up I felt at ease. She was a tall blonde beauty, dressed, as in our cybersex session, in a conservative businesslike dress, which still managed to show off her 38C tits. As soon as I closed the door I kissed her, and she responded by driving her talented tongue down my throat. I caressed her body and felt those huge, soft melons and her nice, round ass through her dress. She was feeling me in turn, and rubbing my cock through my pants. I unzipped her dress, and it fell to the floor just two feet inside the door.

Jeanette had on exactly what she'd said she would wear under her dress: a black lacy bra that nicely showed off her cleavage; matching black thong panties barely covering her neatly trimmed blonde bush; and black, lacy thigh-high nylon stockings. I felt her tits and pulled her thong to the side to finger her ass. She was already moaning. I unsnapped her bra and cupped her big, beautiful tits as we moved in unison to the bed. Meanwhile she was unbuttoning my shirt and pants.

As I laid her down, she spread her legs, and her black nylons directed my eyes to her pussy, shadowed only by her thin lacy thong. I pulled it aside and began eagerly licking her wet cunt and

sucking her stiff little clit. I moistened my right thumb and rimmed her anus with it before easing it into her asshole.

There I was, my thumb in her tight backside, my tongue licking her puffy red cunt, the finger of my other hand tweaking her clit as she bucked and moaned. "Oh Christ, you're good!" she gasped. "Oh God, that feels good. I'm coming! Umm, umm, ahh!" I went on licking her cunt as her juices flowed from her. What a hot, juicy, great-tasting pussy she had!

Jeanette then laid me back on the bed and gave me head. Oh, was she ever good! But I didn't want to come in her mouth; it was her hot pussy that deserved my first load. I laid her back down, she again spread those long sexy nylon-covered legs, and I put the head of my cock at her pussy slit, rubbing it up and down. Jeanette raised her hips, trying to work my cock into her cunt hole as she begged, "Oh, stop teasing! Stick that cock in me!"

Finally I drove my cock in all the way, driving her ass back down onto the bed. She yelped with joy, and we were in for a hot, hard, happy ride! She was so soft and warm inside as I massaged her vaginal walls with my hard cock. I kissed her full lips, and she moaned loudly as our tongues darted in and out of each other's mouth. I kissed her sexy neck and pretty ears. Her big tits seemed to float back and forth like giant waves pounding on the rough seas. What a wonderful sight! She was unlike any other woman I'd been with. Not that I had a lot to compare her to, but she was a special gal all the same.

My cock slammed into her, and the harder my strokes became, the louder she moaned.

At one point the phone rang. There was no way was I going to stop this great fucking to answer the Goddamn

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phone! Jeanette gasped, "Do you hear that? Is there a phone ringing or am I hearing bells because of this delicious fucking?"

"It's a phone, but I'll take that compliment," I said, stroking away at her fine pussy. About 10 rings later the phone stopped, but there was a ringing in my ears as I felt my balls tighten up. "I'm gonna come," I told her.

"Yes, come, baby!" she growled, and she came with me as I shot my load deep inside her.

She pulled me down onto her, resting my head against the soft pillows of her breasts. But in a minute I rose up and began to kiss her all over, her hair, forehead, eyes, nose, cheeks, lips, ears, neck, tits, nipples, navel, down to her sweaty bush and her bright pink pussy, glistening with our come. I sucked a mouthful of our juices out of that pussy, and then deposited droplets of it along her body as I licked all the way back up to her beautiful tits.

"Do you want a taste?" I mumbled, and she parted her pouty lips just in time to meet my come-filled mouth. She then proceeded to clean the rest of the come from inside my mouth with her eager, searching tongue.

We got a drink then, and relaxed for a while, talking, giggling and learning about each other's life. What seemed like only a short time turned into several hours. Jeanette started to rub my shoulders, which felt good, and I thought, life doesn't get any better than this! But I was wrong. It was my turn to rub her back. I started with her neck, then moved down to her waist and to her shapely ass. I rolled the nylons off her legs, kissing her feet. Then I rubbed back up the inside of her thighs, parting her ass cheeks and looking at her pussy and asshole from behind. I had her lie on her back.

I asked her to hold her legs up high and wide so that her bottom and cunt were open to me. She complied with a smile. As she lay back and grabbed her legs I was treated to magnificent sight. I was hooked. I had to taste her.

As my mouth neared her asshole, my nose brushed her pussy lips and she let out a guttural moan. I continued on, and the more I licked her puckered ass the more my nose stimulated her cunt. She was writhing and almost riding my nose and the feeling was so intense. I decided to add a finger to the mix, so as I was feasting on her asshole I slipped a finger in as well. That was all she could stand. She started bucking her hips and cursing like a sailor, all of which only made me more determined to drive this sexy bitch off her nut!

Jeanette grabbed the back of my head as she shoved her pelvis into my face. She was crying out expletives and moaning uncontrollably until she stiffened up and came like a geyser. My face was covered with her juices, and I could feel her sphincter grabbing at my probing finger as she came.

She convulsed for a bit and it was the sexiest sight I'd ever seen. When she calmed down I pulled my finger out of her asshole as she grabbed my face and brought it up to hers. She proceeded to lick my face. She tasted her juices from my face. It was so erotic. She smiled and thanked me for the most intense orgasm of her life.

My internet affair was more than I could have wished for. Jeanette and I meet several times a year now and each time gets better and better. I know many of you may think me a cad for cheating on my wife, but truly our relationship has never been better. We both seem quite content in life.

T.Y.

San Francisco, California



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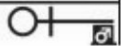
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EVERYBODY WINS THIS GAME

Maybe I'm getting old or something, but young women today sure don't dress and act like they did 20 years ago. Take my daughter and her friends. It seems to me that the things they wear are either way too tight or way too small. Those clothes are meant more for strippers and prostitutes than 18-year-old girls.

My daughter's friend Tammy, especially, always seems to wear the most revealing, slutty-looking clothes she can find. She has one outfit in particular that she wears a lot — a very tight, low-cut black top that bares nearly her entire chest except for her nipples, along with a very short, stretchy black skirt that stops about three inches below her crotch. She also wears lipstick and eye shadow in a way that makes her look way older than she is. I'd be a liar if I said she wasn't sexy, but even so, I just don't approve of young girls going around that way. But Tammy is 18, so I guess she can do as she pleases.

One day Tammy was at our place visiting my daughter Jordan. Jordan was in the bathroom and my wife was in the kitchen. I was sitting in my favorite recliner chair watching television, and I couldn't help but notice Tammy's shapely tanned legs as she sat on the couch not far from me.

I soon developed a hard-on, and I guess I was staring blatantly at those sexily crossed legs when Tammy caught me. She looked around to make sure that nobody else was in sight, then with a wicked smile slowly uncrossed her legs and spread them wide. She was wearing her favorite outfit, and the short skirt pulled up, giving me a clear view of her black thong panties.

The skimpy crotch of the thong was pulled up between the lips of her

plump pussy, giving me quite a show. Tammy sat there watching TV as though nothing was happening. But she knew the effect she was having on me. Then my daughter came back, and Tammy left with her, leaving me sitting there with a throbbing cock. I quickly went into the bathroom and jerked off.

After that Tammy made a game out of teasing me. One day we were again sitting in the living room while Jordan was fixing some snacks in the kitchen. This time, when she eased her legs apart, I saw that she wasn't wearing any panties at all. I could see her pink, clean-shaven pussy lips in all their puffy glory. Tammy laughed when she saw my eyes open wide, and she reached down to spread the lips open for me. Just then my daughter yelled for her, and she scampered away.

A week after that I was home alone while Jordan and my wife were out shopping. At one point the doorbell rang, and it was Tammy. She strode into the living room wearing an incredibly short, tight dress that showed off her gorgeous legs and butt as well as her awesome breasts.

I told her my daughter wasn't home, but she said she'd wait for her. I said I didn't know how long she'd be, and Tammy just laughed. I gave her a soda, and she sat on the couch while I settled into my recliner. It wasn't long before I was again looking at her spread legs and her bald pussy.

I couldn't take anymore. "Goddamn, girl," I broke out. "What are you trying to do, get me in trouble with the law or something? You dress sexy as hell all the time, and now you're showing me your bare pussy?"

Tammy giggled again. Then, without a word, she stood and took off her dress. She was 100 percent nude under it, and she stretched to show off her

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hot little body. Then she came over and stood in front of me.

With shaking hands I reached up to feel her tits. They were firm and yet soft. Her nipples instantly hardened at my touch. After letting me fondle her briefly, she dropped down to her knees between my legs. Together we took out my cock. I expected her to start sucking me, but instead she told me to rub my cock all over her tits. She added that she liked it when guys shot their load on them, so she could rub it into her smooth skin.

I rubbed myself all over her breasts, and she stroked me with her hand as I did so, until I was about to shoot my hot load. Tammy stopped before I could do that. Then she stood up and went back to the sofa. She lay down with her legs spread, and I watched as she began rubbing herself. She got herself so excited that she moaned loudly, filling the room with the sounds of her arousal.

My cock was so hard and ready to shoot that I practically ran to her, almost tripping over my pants to get to her. I stood stroking myself as I looked down at her. At that moment I wanted to eat her little pussy more than I ever wanted anything in my life. I quickly got between her smooth tanned thighs and began licking and sucking the hottest, most delicious piece of pussy I think I'd ever tasted.

Tammy went crazy. She moaned constantly as I ate her, and when she came she screamed and shook so violently that I thought she was having a seizure or something. Then, before she could calm down, I got on top of her and shoved my hard prick inside her with one smooth thrust.

She cried out again, so loudly that for a moment I wondered if she'd been a virgin. But no, she was shouting with

passion and, she later said, with wonder, as she had never felt a prick as hard as mine. When I saw that she was all right I started to fuck her. Her pussy was tight and squirmy, and it was fantastic. But after a while Tammy began pleading with me to pull out, because she didn't want to get pregnant. I did so reluctantly, and as I looked down at her, about to jerk myself off over her body, she rolled over onto her belly and spread her legs again. I instantly knew what she wanted.

"Just be gentle with it," she panted as I began to penetrate her very tiny asshole. I went slowly, and although she was tight, I managed full penetration, and then enjoyed a very long, fulfilling session deep in her little ass.

Tammy played with her clit as I fucked her, and she managed to get off a couple of times before I shot my load inside her. We had just gotten dressed when my wife and daughter pulled into the driveway. Tammy went to up to Jordan's room, and I pretended to be asleep in the recliner.

Tammy and I haven't had any repeat sessions since then, but I'm pretty sure we will, and I'm certainly ready.

Name and address withheld

HAPPY GRADUATION!

It was close to midnight, and I don't know how many drinks I'd had as I walked down to the beach, but it was a lot. My husband and I were attending the seaside graduation party of our friend's son Dean, and I thought I spotted Dean himself, sitting a little way down the beachfront. In my two-piece bathing suit, drink in hand, I made my way unsteadily toward him.

He smiled up at me as I approached him, and we exchanged a bit of small talk. Then I had a sudden irresistible impulse. I don't know what made me



do it, except that he was so young and good-looking, and I was horny as hell and frustrated with my workaholic husband.

I had only cheated on my husband once before, and that was with an attractive young man named Mitch who worked in my office. He had been flirting with me for a couple of months, and I'd been titillated by his banter, but never thought of doing anything about it until one day when we were both working late, and there was no one else around. At one point my phone rang; it was my husband. He was mad because I wasn't there to make dinner, and we had some words, which ended with me slamming down the phone. I was really pissed off at him.

Mitch saw his chance. "Trouble at home?" he said. "Can I be of any consolation, maybe?"

He didn't expect my answer. "Why the hell not?" I said crazily. "Your desk or mine?"

We chose his. I bent over it for him, and then I lay on top of it, and then I knelt beside it, and the next day I quit my job and never saw Mitch again.

Now I was going to be crazy again.

"You know," I said to Dean, "I still haven't given you your graduation present." He looked at me questioningly, and before he knew it I was pulling him to his feet. Then I knelt and tugged down his shorts. I took his 18-year-old prick in my fingers and stroked it gently, then took his erection slowly into my mouth. I slid my lips all over it, and then sucked it greedily.

Dean seemed to be in shock at first, but he soon recovered. He bent down to slide his hands under my swimsuit top and feel my breasts. He tugged my nipples and squeezed my flesh. He undid the straps at my neck, and my

top fell away. His hips were moving as I went on sucking him, but suddenly he pushed me away. I thought I did something wrong and was about to apologize when he grabbed my hands and helped me up.

He wanted to fuck me. Without a word he led me to a more secluded spot and laid me on the sand. He knelt down between my legs and, with shaky hands, pulled my suit bottom off. He looked eagerly at my pussy as I spread my thighs wide for him. Then he dipped his head and ate me as though he'd been doing it for years. I soon came with a shout, and then lay there catching my breath.

Dean climbed up over me then, and I felt his hard-on brushing my inner thighs, then my labia. As he entered me, I gasped and curled my toes. He started fucking me and quickly settled into a fast tempo. He humped me right there in the sand, both of us gasping and crying out. After a minute I closed my eyes and came again. Then, with a huge thrust, he started pouring his semen into me.

When I opened my eyes I found, to my utter shock, that we weren't alone. Two of Dean's friends had stumbled upon us while we were fucking, and now they stood over us, stroking their impressive cocks. I was so drunk and horny that I didn't say a word as Dean rolled off of me and one of the other's took his place between my legs. He drove in and fucked me savagely, bringing me to another climax before unloading inside me.

When he got off me, the other friend rolled me over onto my hands and knees and massaged my ass cheeks. Kneeling there, I had an idea of what was coming next, and my suspicion was confirmed as he spat on my

asshole and then on his cock. When he brought the tip of his cock to my hole, I wasn't sure I could take it. But when he reached around to rub my breasts and my pussy, I felt myself loosening up and pushing back at him. By the time he was all the way in, I felt like I was on fire, but I loved the feeling. He fucked and rubbed me to another climax before he shot come up my ass.

After a quick swim to rinse off, I put my suit back on and we all headed back to the beach house. As far as I know, no one else, including my husband, ever knew what happened.

Name and address withheld

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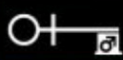
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